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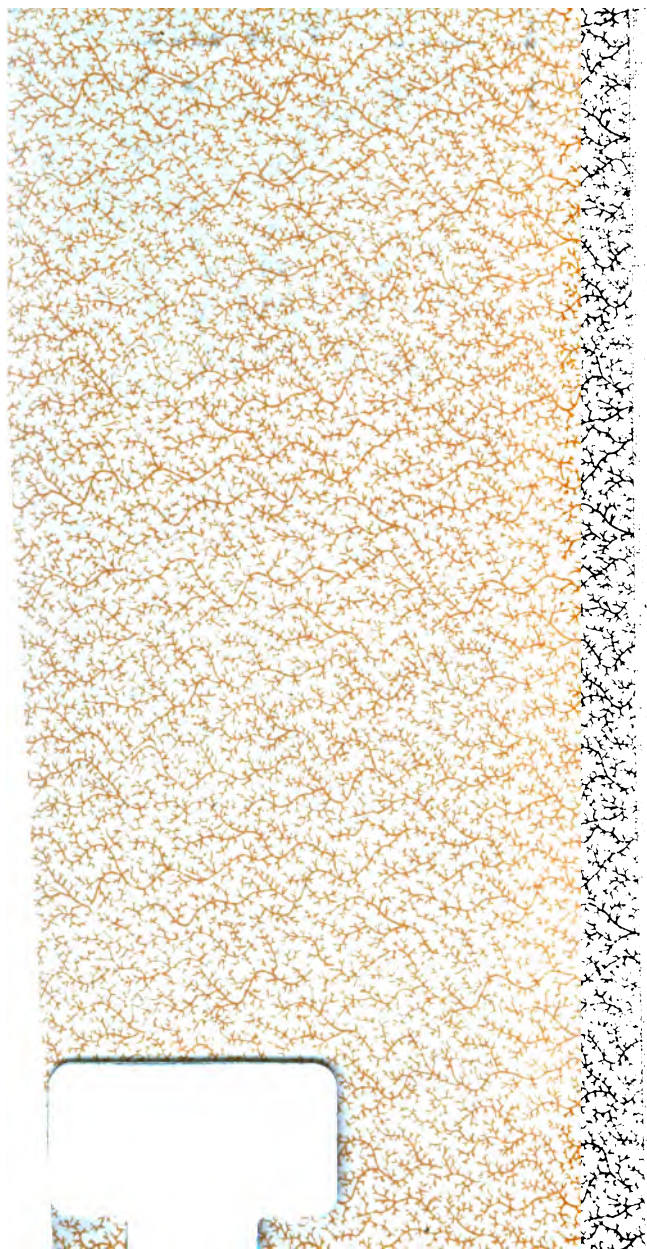
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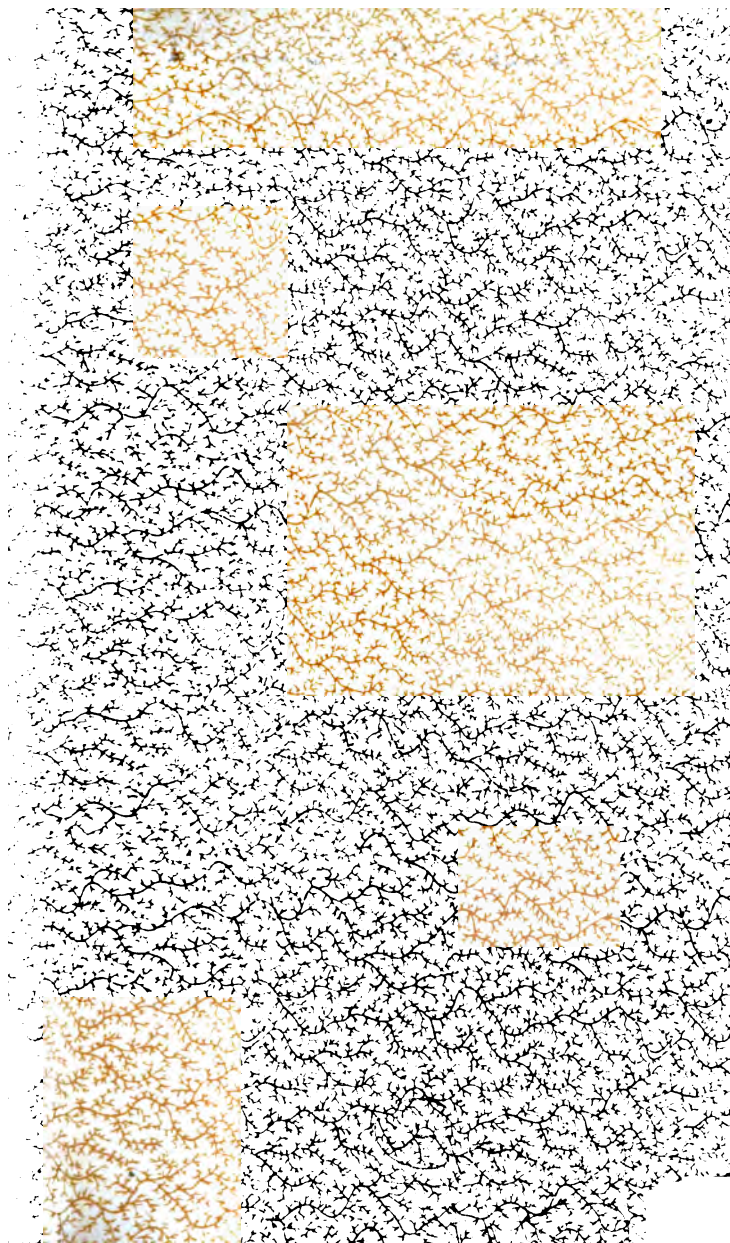
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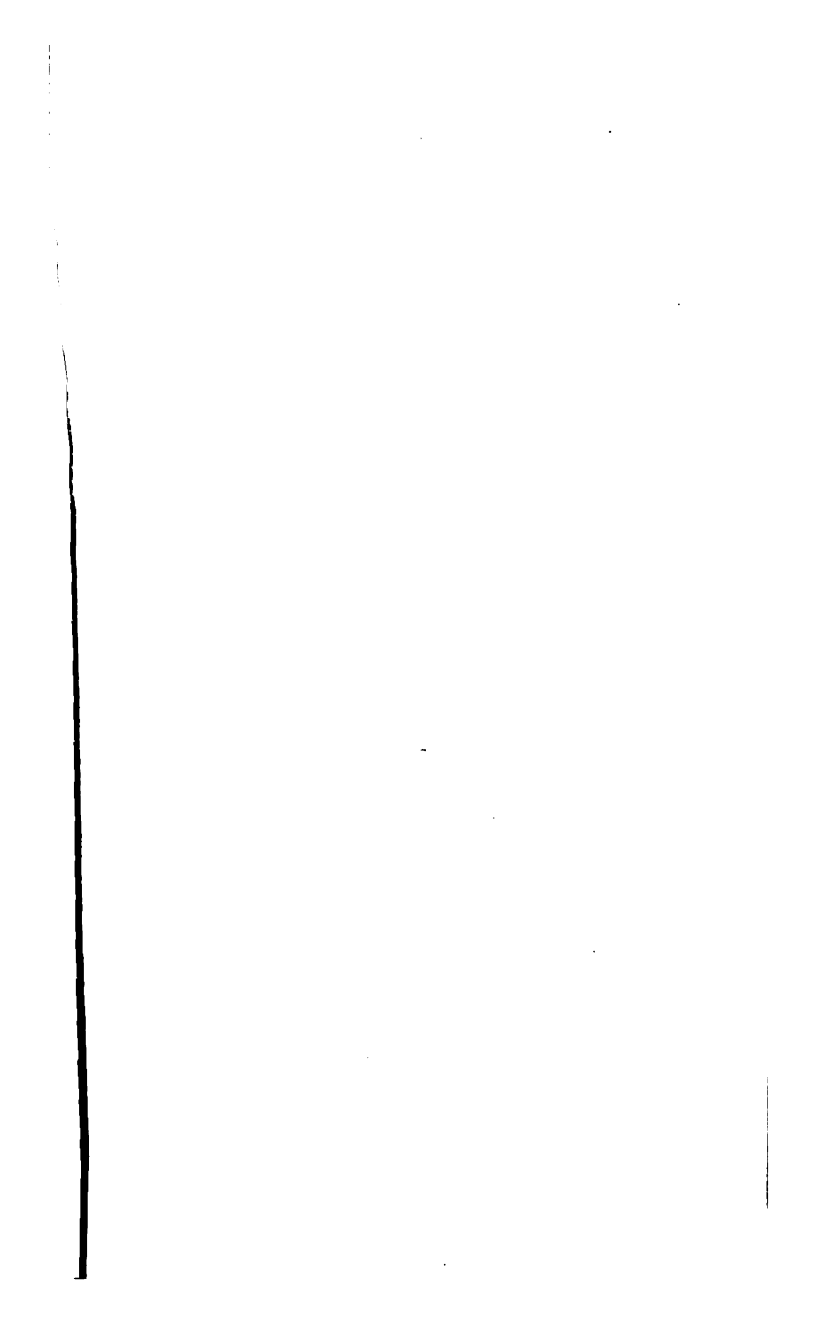
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440

~~440~~

THE
T H E A T R E
O F
E D U C A T I O N

NK 10

994

E R R A T A.

V o L. III.

- age 13 l. 22 *for* muoths, *read* mouths.
 — 13 l. 29 — give, *read* gave.
 — 14 l. 2 — groop, *read* group.
 — 17 l. 6 *after* sake, *add* of.
 — 21 l. 8 *for* neglince, *read* negligence.
 — 61 l. 5 — abosutely, *read* absolutely.
 — 65 l. 12 — pretentions, *read* pretensions.
 — 71 l. 18 — pretentions, *read* pretensions.
 — 108 l. 31 — insense, *read* incense.
 — 113 l. 20 — reigns, *read* reins.
 — 169 l. 24 — filled, *read* filled.
 — 226 l. 33 — may, *read* my.
 — 228 l. 36 *after* flee, *add* for.

THE
T H E A T R E
O F
E D U C A T I O N.
A
N E W T R A N S L A T I O N
F R O M T H E F R E N C H
O F

MADAME LA MARQUISE DE SILLERY,

L A T E.
MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.



Leçon commence, exemple achève.

La Motte, Fable de l'Aigle et de l'Aiglon.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. WALTER, at CHANCING CROSS

M DCCCLXXXVII.

NOT FOR
CIVIL
USE

T H E
C H I L D R E N ' s B A L L ,

O R

T H E D U E L ;

A D R A M A ,

O F T W O A C T S .

Vol. III.

A

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

The BARON.

THEODORE, *the Baron's son, twelve years of age.*

The ABBE, *Theodore's tutor.*

The Chevalier de VERVILLE, *thirteen years of age.*

CHAMPAGNE, *Theodore's footman.*

Scene, the Baron's house at Paris.

T H E
CHILDREN'S BALL;
O R
T H E D U E L.

Et dans de foibles corps s'allume un grand courage.

Racine fils, Poëme de la Religion.

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

Pope's Rape of the Lock. T.

A C T I.
S C E N E the First.

The Stage represents a saloon with a sofa at the further end.

THE BARON, THE ABBÉ.

Bar. I S the great room prepared for the ball?

Abb. Yes, Sir; the benches are placed, the side-board is set out, and every thing ready.

A 2

Bar. —

4 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

Bar. What is my son doing?

Abb. Champagne is dressing his hair for the third time to-day.

Bar. Oh, fie! why do you suffer that?

Abb. What can I do, Sir? this ball of yours turns his head; he says, he will dance the *cofsaque* to-night; he skips about, and is not still a moment, but throws himself quite into a perspiration by practising this trumpery *cofsaque*; they are obliged to new-dress his hair every hour, and even to change his shirt. I never saw any thing equal to it; he is just like a mad creature.

Bar. This is incredible; he did not like dancing last year.

Abb. Well, now it is his darling pleasure. He was up before me this morning, and never thought of breakfast till he had danced the *cofsaque* three times over.

Bar. That is not natural; there is something at the bottom of that.

Abb. (*Laughing*). Oh, yes, there is something at the bottom of it, indeed.

Bar. What is it? tell me.

Abb. Why mademoiselle Amelia comes to the ball this evening; and mademoiselle Amelia is very bewitching, and dances the *cofsaque* to perfection.

Bar. Charming! so you really think that the cause—

Abb. Oh, I am certain of it. He has lost his heart to mademoiselle Amelia.

Bar. He is in great haste to dispose of it. Do you consider that Theodore is only twelve years old?

Abb. I assure you, he talks of mademoiselle Amelia's graces and accomplishments as if he were eighteen.

Bar.

Bar. He talks, do you say! that is too much; he must be taught to hold his tongue; since he chooses to assume the airs of a lover, it is necessary for him to begin by becoming discreet. But I have some orders to give; wait for me here, I will return in a moment. (*He goes out.*)

Abb. (Alone.). Excellent parent!—What penetrating, well-directed tenderness he shews towards his son!—How happy is a preceptor, when seconded thus by the father of his pupil! It is the virtue or the folly of parents which makes tutors good or bad.

S C E N E II.

THE ABBE, CHAMPAGNE.

Abb. WELL, Champagne—has monsieur Theodore at last done dressing?

Cham. Yes, sir; and I am come to inform you that I told the young gentleman you wanted him; for, if he is left to himself but a quarter of an hour, he will certainly fall to dancing the *cozsaque* again.

Abb. And yet he promised me he would remain quiet.

Cham. That's out of his power: while I dressed his hair, he was singing, beating time, and fidgetting about so—Oh, he has provoked me sadly to-day!

Abb. You should have called me.

Cham. Nay, don't tell him of it, I beg, sir; he does not deserve to be scolded.—I have the Baron's orders to acquaint you with every thing—and look ye, between us *two*—it will make you laugh,

6 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

but—you know mademoiselle Amelia very well.—

Abb. Yes.

Cham. Now she is the cause of all monsieur Theodore's capers—he is no longer a child—

Abb. Why do you think that?

Cham. Faith, 'tis as clear as the day—I have suspected it these three weeks, and now I am certain. He has been making verses this morning, wherein he says :

*“ The charming Emily I love,
And while I live, will constant prove.”*

There's for you!—He is a lad of such parts!—He left his verses on a table, so I read them: besides, he just now sent for the *Maitre-d'Hôtel*, and desired him to make pine-ices, because mademoiselle Amelia likes them—then, he always carries in his pocket an artificial rose, which mademoiselle Amelia lost at the last ball: in short, he thinks of nothing but her; 'tis very comical.

Abb. Hush, I hear him.

Cham. Lookye there: just as I said—he is singing the *cozaque*.

S C E N E -III.

THE ABBE, THEODORE, CHAMPAGNE.

Abb. CHAMPAGNE, you may leave us.

[Champagne goes out.]

(Theodore enters singing.)

Abb. Heyday, sir! why your hair is unpowdered already.

Theo.

The. (*Practising steps.*) This vile step!—I never shall hit it.

Abb. I admire your obedience, and strict attention to your word of honour.—To me you said; “I will not dance any more, I promise you.”

The. (*In an angry tone.*) True, I said that; but I did not give you my word of honour.—I have not forfeited my word of honour, sir.

Abb. Then, without an oath, your protestations are not to be depended upon.—We should never sport with our word of honour, nor give it, but on extraordinary occasions; therefore, in the common course of life, I shall no longer believe you.

The. You will no longer believe me!

Abb. Am I wrong? I appeal to your own heart.

The. But—

Abb. Neither can I help saying that by thus accustoming myself to doubt your veracity in trivial matters, I shall be less easily persuaded to believe you in those of greater moment; and your word of honour will now make a slighter impression on me, than the most simple of your former promises.

The. That, sir, is as much as to say you cease to have a friendship for me.—We always give credit to those whom we love.—I believe every thing you tell me, and—

Abb. But have I ever deceived you?

The. Oh, no—

Abb. You always believe me, and yet I never gave you my word of honour.—Then learn, sir, that the mere *yes* and *no* of an upright man, are equivalent to all the oaths in the world. Is not truth the first of virtues, since to be told we lye,

THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

is of all affronts, the grossest; inasmuch, that, to revenge it, the laws of honour indispensably oblige us, to expose our lives?

The. Well, henceforward I declare I will not take the lye from any person living, but my pappas.

Abb. Would you fight?

The. To be sure I would.—I am only twelve years old, 'tis true; but did not my pappas make his first campaign when only twelve years old? Therefore, if we are capable of serving the king at that age, surely we may likewise fight in our own private quarrel.—A bullet and a sword, are just alike—both kill, and both confer honour, exactly the same.

Abb. Both kill, and are so far the same, though in point of honour widely opposite: it is rather more glorious to fight for our king and country, than against our fellow-countryman. A great variety of circumstances must concur to make duelling appear in any other than the most atrocious light to all discerning persons: humanity and the laws, equally condemn it; and if not really prescribed by honour, it is but a shameful error produced by folly and brutality.

The. But if the cause be strictly just—

Abb. Then we act right, and obtain the good wishes and approbation of all worthy persons: but this case is so uncommon!—We may be under an indispensable obligation to fight, without having justice on our side.

The. How so?

Abb. When the lye be given, for example: if he who receives that affront has deserved it, and is brave though a liar, he will fight, and act wisely by so doing; for, in such a case, there is

OR, THE DUEL.

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no other alternative to choose. But what will be the result? He will only prove his personal courage; he will not the less feel that keen remorse which arises from having justly incurred a disgraceful imputation; nor will he, by this expedient, avoid the character of a liar; for, although he may revenge, he cannot justify himself by fighting: consequently, you must allow that such a duel confers no honour.

The. I see it clearly, sir; and *pledge my word of honour* always to speak the strictest truth, even in the smallest trifles; so that my *yes* and *no* shall be of as much value as yours.

Abb. This promise gives me great satisfaction, and I look upon it as inviolable.

The. Oh, here is my pappa.

SCENE IV.

THE BARON, THE ABBE, THEODORE.

Bar. THEODORE, I am come to tell you an unpleasant piece of news; there are no pines to be got; therefore, the ices which you ordered—

The. Oh, 'tis equal to me, pappa.

Bar. Are you not disappointed?

The. No, pappa.

Bar. I can scarcely believe it.

Abb. Whenever monsieur Theodore says *no*, you may believe him, sir; *no*, from his lips, has all the force of an oath.

Bar. So much the better, my dear. How I rejoice to find you have such principles!

The. Pappa!—

TO THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

Bar. What's the matter, Theodore? Why do you look so melancholy?

The. Alas, M. l'Abbé!—

Abb. You have tears in your eyes; what's the meaning of this?

The. If I retract immediately, will you still say I have forfeited my word?

Abb. A prompt acknowledgement, if quite clear and open, obliterates every thing.

The. Pappa—why—really, I do not love pine-ices, therefore, *to me*, it is equal whether there are any or not—but—nevertheless, I am sorry—because the other day, at my aunt's, several young ladies enquired for some—and this was the reason why I wished to have pine-ices to-night.

Bar. Then you should not have said it was equal to you.

The. But it is quite equal, *respecting myself*, pappa; that is what I would have said.

Bar. Come, no equivocations, Theodore; observe how many faults a first fault produces. In the beginning, you were led by embarrassment to deviate slightly from truth; and now, to exculpate yourself, you practise falsehood and dissimulation with me. Why these frivolous artifices, when there is so much courage, so much nobleness of mind, in a frank confession of our errors?

The. Well, pappa, I did say *no* in the wrong place, to be sure; but the word escaped me, and I meant to unsay it instantly.

Abb. The best of it is that we believe you. People justify the confidence they inspire, when they are incapable of abusing it.

Bar. Come, Theodore, you have explained yourself frankly, therefore all is forgotten. But
tell

OR, THE DUEL.

11

tell me, who are *these young ladies* who love pincices so much?

The. (*Speaking with embarrassment, and very low.*)

Pappa—why, mademoiselle Amelia.

Bar. Hem—I don't hear.

The. Mademoiselle Amelia.

Bar. And the others?

The. Pappa—there are no others.

Bar. But, did not you say several young ladies? Why speak of *several*, when you meant only one?—I suppose it was from inadvertency.

The. No, pappa, from design.

Bar. And what was your reason for that?

The. Because I did not dare to mention mademoiselle Amelia's name by itself.

Bar. Come to my arms, dear Theodore; now, you really answer without evasion. Oh, that you knew what delight this gives to me, and how amiable such candour appears! Your mind, my dear, is virtuous and unblemished; then never use fruitless disguises; leave dissimulation and falsehood to vice, who wants their assistance to conceal her deformity; but an upright mind abhors even the appearance of deceit, being open in proportion to its goodness, nay, happy to disclose itself, from the pleasing, the gratifying certainty, that it must augment the regard of others by so doing.

The. I will always be sincere, I assure you, pappa.

Bar. Now then, confess, Theodore, why you are so unwilling to mention mademoiselle Amelia to me.

The. Indeed, I scarcely know the reason myself.

Bar. I am told, she is continually in your thoughts, that you repeat her name incessantly, praising her to every body, talking of her to all who are about you; while I am the only person before whom you have never mentioned the subject. Do you know what this proves, Theodore? that you forget it is impossible for you to make a choice without my consent; that you do not treat me with the confidence I have a right to expect, and that you want discretion.

The. Oh, no, pappa—I do not confide in any body but you and the Abbé.

Abb. True, sir, you have talked a great deal to me about mademoiselle Amelia; but I must say that Champagne, Brunel, Bertrand, nay all the servants, have been honoured with a larger share of your confidence in this instance.

Bar. Proper confidants, indeed!—So, then, people think you distractedly fond of mademoiselle Amelia; but they are mistaken, Theodore; for, if you really loved her, you would be more discreet, more careful of her reputation.

The. Alas, pappa, she never shewed the least preference of me, and I have always said so.

Bar. But, if she had, could you have owned it.

The. No, pappa.

Bar. Consequently then, your protestations on that head avail her nothing. It may be imagined that you conceal the return she grants, because you are certain the avowal of such a thing would mark you for a coxcomb, and no gentleman. Besides, many people think it impossible that any man can be deeply in love, if not suffered to indulge strong hopes: indeed, this is the general opinion; therefore, you find it is a very culpable in-

indiscretion to publish the attachment you feel ; and that delicacy, prudence, may honour itself, should condemn you to silence.

The. Pray, pappa, order Champagne and Brunel never to mention this affair to any body.

Bar. The mischief is done ; perhaps, they have already told it to a hundred persons. Above all things, my dear, I would have you detest those faults which lead to irreparable injuries ; indiscretion and slander are of that number : and constantly recollect that repentance never truly washes away guilt, unless the means of reparation are in our power. But I have another enquiry to make. I hear, you always carry in your pocket a rose, which was given you by mademoiselle Amelia—

The. (*Impatiently.*) Given me by her !—How can people tell such stories ?—That rose fell out of her hair at the last ball ; I picked it up without her knowledge.

Bar. See what alterations truth receives by passing through several mouths ! You now find it would have been much better had you said nothing about that rose.

The. But, pappa, who could tell you such a falsehood ?

Bar. None of my own servants, I can assure you ; and, since you wish to know, it was your aunt who give me the information this morning.

The. My aunt ! is that possible ?

Bar. She knew it by hear-say, which is not surprizing, for twenty-four hours are sufficient to spread an indiscretion all over Paris ; and by circulating thus the fact changes its appearance according to the malignity of those who publish it ;

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it; nor does there ever fail of being some malice among a large group of people.

Abb. But this must be very disagreeable to mademoiselle Amelia.

The. Dear, dear!—Pappa, do write to my aunt, I beg—

Bar. I own to you, Theodore, it would be quite useless—she is so fully convinced!—nay I—

The. What!—what, pappa, could you—

Bar. Observe me; your fondness for that rose is very singular—unless you received it from the hand of mademoiselle Amelia—

The. Oh, pappa, I vow, I protest—

Bar. Well done, my dear, this is quite proper.—Let the thing be true, or false, you can use no other language, even to me. You are bound to acquaint me with your own sentiments; but you have no right to divulge mademoiselle Amelia's secrets; I do not press you on that head; far otherwise, I recommend the utmost circumspection.

The. Indeed, pappa, I have told you every thing; your doubts make me wretched.—Vile rose! I'll throw it down the well.—Alas, I can assure you that mademoiselle Amelia is very far from shewing me any preference: she does not even like to dance with me; but says, I always make confusion in the country-dances—nay, when we are partners, she leaves off jumping directly, and only walks along—Indeed, this is her way of treating me, I protest, pappa; and if you were to write it all to my aunt—

Bar. 'Tis certain that mademoiselle Amelia, previous to this unlucky story, always shewed great modesty and extreme reserve. I never should have suspected her of being a coquette—

The.

The. Oh, she is incapable of it! and that makes me love her so much.—If she had not so meek, so modest an appearance—

Bar. Well, Theodore, since you really love her, try to acquire those qualities by which she has captivated you; that will be the only way to please her. Be no longer heedless and indiscreet; she is well informed and accomplished; apply, study, labour to render yourself worthy of her. I shall judge of your attachment by the progress you make. A transient inclination only serves to mislead us; but a real passion, founded on esteem, improves the understanding, heart, and judgement.

The. I hope pappa, you do not still believe that story about the rose?

Bar. If I find a great change for the better in your conduct and disposition, I shall be convinced that you have a firm attachment to mademoiselle Amelia, and consequently, that she is perfectly amiable; for no coquette can inspire lasting affection.

The. Oh, well pappa, you will see; you will not be discontented with me; for I'll study with all my might.

SCENE V.

THE BARON, THE ABBE, THEODORE,
CHAMPAGNE.

Cham. (With letters in his hand, speaking to the Baron.) SIR, these letters are just brought hither.

Bar. Very well. (*Champagne goes out. The Baron opening the letters.*) They are notes of excuse.

The. For the ball this evening?

Bar.

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Bar. Yes.

The. (*With agitation.*) Well, pappa—

Abb. (*Laughing.*) A distressing situation this.

The. Pappa—

Bar. Cheer up, there is no excuse from mademoiselle Amelie.

The. Pappa, does the Chevalier de Verville happen to be among those who have excused themselves?

Bar. No; should you not have been very sorry if he had?

The. Why—not very sorry!

Bar. How so? you were extremely intimate with him.

The. Oh, that's over.

Bar. But why?

The. He is not polite; especially at a ball.—In short, I should be better pleased if he did not come this evening.

Bar. But he dances well; and, I will answer for it, was never reproached with *making a confusion in the country-dances.*

The. Therefore, he always will dance, and—

Bar. And, what?—Go on, Theodore.

Abb. And as mademoiselle Amelia dances particularly well, I suppose he frequently engages her.

Bar. Is that the reason of your coldness towards the Chevalier de Verville, Theodore?

The. Why—partly.

Bar. Ahah! you are jealous, then?

The. But, pappa—she jumps with him!

Bar. That is cutting to you, I confess it; however, instead of being angry, which is unjust and renders you less amiable, why do you not endeavour

your to dance better? the girls, then, would jump with you, as well as with another.

The. I have taken such pains about my dancing for this whole week passed, papa!—

Bar. Yes, I know it; indeed, I heard that you neglected all your other employments for the sake dancing; and, doubtless, this was done to please mademoiselle Amelia. Why, it seems as if you were certain that the only way to gain her heart is by dancing perfectly well; and, if this be the case, I sincerely pity you for loving a person of so contemptible and frivolous a turn.

The. Oh, I don't think that of her; she has too much understanding—

Bar. Then your jealousy is not founded on common sense. Are you dissatisfied with me, when I do not take you for my partner at whist? do you conclude from thence, that I am not fond of you?

The. No, papa, for I play too ill.—

Bar. And, is it not the same thing when mademoiselle Amelia prefers a better dancer to you at a ball?—If you think she can be attached by so trifling an accomplishment as dancing is, you do not esteem her; and if you are without apprehension in that respect, your jealousy springs from nothing but a motive of vanity, as mean as it is ridiculous and unjust; or, to speak more properly, you pretend to be jealous, and are only envious: this mistake frequently happens, and your tender age alone can render it excusable.

The. But tell me, pappa, in what situation is jealousy allowable?

Bar. In none, that I know of. If you have not received any promise, and think you have cause to fear a rival, endeavour to prove that you
are

12. THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

are more agreeable, and, above every thing, more worthy than he is; nor debase yourself by ill-humour and complaints, which would be unjust and badly timed. If you are treacherously used, contempt should be your cure; therefore jealousy is, at all events, a shameful error, in which both the head and heart participate. Whatsoever name we may bestow upon distrust, it is constantly the vice of narrow minds and weak understandings; and since it violates and destroys friendship, can it fail to wound a more delicate and lively sentiment still deeper?—Suspicion disgraces, while it rends the bosom, and defiles its purity. Generally speaking, we must be capable of practising the perfidy we foresee in others; to suppose, is to conceive it; in short, to admit its possibility, is indirectly to accuse ourselves of possessing it.

SCENE VI.

THE BARON, THE ABBE, THEODORE,
CHAMPAGNE.

Cham. (*To the Baron.*) SIR, the musick is here: should the great room be lighted up?

Bar. Yes, I am going thither. Come, Abbé.

Abb. I'll follow you.

[*The Baron and Champagne go out.*]

SCENE

SCENE VII.

THE ABBE, THEODORE.

The. A MOMENT, Sir.—Pray, what's o'clock?

Abb. Four.

The. The ball will not begin this hour yet; we shall have leisure to do something first.

Abb. Will you take a lesson on the globes?

The. Most readily; I will lose no more time, sir; you shall not again have cause to complain of me, I can assure you. Let us go up into my room.

Abb. With all my heart. *(They go out.)*

(After the interlude, several swords are brought in by the servants, and laid down upon the sofa.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E the First.

THE BARON, THE ABBE.

Bar. **I**T is excessively hot in the other room.—
Let us stay here a moment.

Abb. The ball is delightful.

Bar. The genuine gaiety of youth has so many charms!—This collection of children, animated by a lively honest joy, is of all sights the pleasantest and most interesting. How much are their features adorned by that candour and innocence which diffuses itself over them! But alas! some few years hence, those beings, now so guileless and so happy, will be abandoned to the world, and, perhaps, irretrievably undone!—Who can see children without being affected by the thought of those dangers they must encounter,
those

those artful snares which will be spread to entrap them?

Abb. By the aid of judicious guides, youth may ~~learn to know and avoid those dangers.~~ Bad fathers only have cause to dread the future: ~~doubtless, they will find, in the~~ vices of their children, a just punishment for their guilty negligence: but such gloomy anticipations do not belong to you; nay, I dare answer for it, you will reap the benefit of all your cares: your most sanguine expectations are too well-founded not to be realized.

Bar. And to you I shall owe the greatest part of that inestimable blessing. When I behold my ~~son~~ sensible, virtuous, and distinguished by his good conduct, believe me, the satisfaction I shall derive from thence, will perpetually bring to my remembrance what you have done, both for him and me. Whensoever he gives me cause to rejoice, the most tender impulse of gratitude will instantly lead me to think of you; in short, ~~the~~ ^{the} happiness of my life will be your work, that consideration should form a pleasing sacred bond, to unite all three of us together.

Abb. I have only fulfilled my duty; and who, so situated, could fail to do the same? Who would not have been touched by ~~that~~ ^{such} genuine paternal love, together with ~~that~~ ^{that} entire confidence; of which I have received so many proofs? No obstacles impede my work, by ~~your~~ ^{your} conversation and example, far from obstructing, forward it; in short, by making me ~~your~~ ^{your} friend, you have inspired me with ~~a~~ ^a father's fondness for your child: besides, ~~that~~ ^{that} child has the best of dispositions; he is susceptible and generous, he possesses sense and candour, nor do I fear any thing but

but his liveliness, which is extreme, and we must exert all our endeavours to restrain it.

Bar. What principally induces me to conceive a good opinion of his heart and understanding is his consciousness of wanting advice, which he wishes for, asks, and attends to eagerly.

Abb. Because it is given with sense and tenderness; and because you prescribe nothing to him, which you do not practise. A lesson belied by example, will never appear in any other light than that of ridiculous pedantry.

Bar. But we forget where we are; let us return to the ball-room, and see what Theodore is doing, and whether he has had the happiness of dancing with mademoiselle Amelia.

Abb. He seemed much chagrined just now, because mademoiselle Amelia was engaged when she came into the ball-room; somebody had asked her to dance as she crossed the gallery.

Bar. Who, the Chevalier de Verville?

Abb. No, luckily; for, had it been the Chevalier, I believe monsieur Theodore would have found some difficulty in containing himself.

S C E N E II.

THE BARON, THE ABBE, CHAMPAGNE.

Cham. (*To the Baron.*) SIR, there are more ladies come.

Bar. I'll wait upon them.

[*He goes out with the Abbé.*]

Cham. (*Alone.*) This room is comfortable, the other is suffocating.—I am quite tired already with carrying

such loads of cakes and ices.—
they do skip and eat so heartily!—
e them.—But what the deuce is
our Theodore? he has not eat so
tlet!—Hah, here he is; why how

C E N E III.

ORE, CHAMPAGNE.

T, fir, have you so soon left the
come to rest myself for a mo-

ook very melancholy, and have not
e fide board: it's my belief you are
ing.

fancy!

know you, fir; and I'll be sworn
amelia is engaged for three or four
at least, or you would not be

ould oblige me by keeping your
yourself, for they are totally devoid
use.—I am not more anxious to
demoiselle Amelia, than with any
d your notions about that are ex-
ous.

; this is something new—but the
se, the pine-ices, the verses, and all
ived this morning, have you forgot

—You take every thing literally—
ult of mine.—What I said this
morning

24 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

morning was mere idle nonsense.—That rose which I shewed you, never belonged to mademoiselle Amelia—and yet, you must immediately form your own conjectures, gossip about, and spread your silly interpretations. It offends me excessively, I assure you.

Cham. So I see very plain. But I have interpreted nothing; I really thought you were above telling lyes; that's all, sir.

The. You thought—you thought indeed—still, I hope you will never think me a liar.

Cham. Bless me, sir, do recollect yourself! you either did not stick to truth this morning, or you gainsay it now.

The. I gainsay it!—How do you come by such expressions?—My patience will hold out no longer—

Cham. For goodness sake, compose yourself!—What can be the meaning of all this rage?—Faith, I don't understand it, not I: indeed, 'tis true enough that lovers never hear reason.

The. You are so insolent!—

Cham. And your love makes you so cross and fantastical—

The. Silence, Champagne, you quite exasperate me.

Cham. Pardon me, sir; that is not my intention: you know how much I love you; I lived here when you were born; you always used me well till this moment; and, really, I don't deserve the hard words you are pleased to load me with.—'Tis not like yourself. What do you aim at?—In truth I am quite confounded.

The. Why, I cannot bear you should take whims into your head—and call me a lover.

Cham.

Cham. Well, but you confirm my opinion by your rage. This morning, when you talked and chattered about your love, I laughed, and said to myself, 'tis a boyish fancy and will soon wear off; but now, things are entirely altered. What the deuce! you are grown serious, discreet.—Oh, you are fast caught, that's very clear.

The. I am quite wild, I confess.—Your infatuation is amazing.—And pray, what makes you think me in a passion?—You tire my patience; but as for passion, I have not even the appearance of it.

Cham. At present, sir, you are only discreet; but you now stand in need of prudence likewise; however, that will come; and you then will learn, sir, that if we want to put others upon a wrong scent, we must not begin by treating them with harshness and anger.

The. But I think, dear Champagne, I have said nothing very cross to you.—Indeed, I have not lost my temper for a moment.

Cham. Ah, sir, by speaking so, you can make me believe any thing. But come now, put your hand on your heart, and say whether you don't love mademoiselle Amelia better than any body?

The. No, really—no; it was a joke—I declare—

Cham. (*Aside*) The little rogue, how he colours!—(*Aloud.*) Well, I believe you, and am set at ease.

The. How so?

Cham. Why, between us two, I don't reckon mademoiselle Amelia quite charming enough to turn your head. I don't count her at all handsome, not I.

26 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

The. How! is there a single fault in her person?

Cham. I have not been over-mindful.

The. You certainly cannot have seen Amelia; but took somebody else for her, I dare say.

Cham. No, no; mademoiselle Amelia, the Count de Sémur's daughter. I have seen her twenty times at your aunt's little Monday concerts. Is not she fair?

The. Yes.

Cham. She has large blueish eyes, with brown eye-brows—

The. And black eye-lashes, with the richest hair, and it does grow so beautifully!—a small delightful nose—and such a complexion—the sweetest complexion in the world!

Cham. She an't badly made neither, and has a tolerable good air.

The. Oh, her shape is prettier than any body's.

Cham. She makes rather an awkward thrumming upon the harp and harpsichord, according to my notion.

The. Mercy! why she plays like an angel, and with such grace!

Cham. Does not she daub a little too? I think somebody said she could draw.

The. To perfection; and her manner of painting is wonderful: she possesses every kind of accomplishment, with such modesty, such sweetness!—

Cham. Aye, she does seem innocent enough; I believe there's no mischief in her; she has a sheepish kind of look—

The. sheepish!—I never heard the like.—sheepish, with a little nose, so delicate! a nose—without its fellow!

Cham.

Cham. For my part, to speak truth, I am very indifferent about noses; indeed, I never mind them: but I now see plain enough that you are not at all taken with mademoiselle Amelia, as I used to believe; you have entirely undeceived me.—There's somebody coming; oh, 'tis my master: well, I must return to the side-board. (*Aside, as he goes out.*) What a comical boy—very comical, faith!

The. I do think he laughs at me; but how could I say more to convince him?

SCENE IV.

THE BARON, THEODORE.

Bar. THEODORE, what do you do here? why are you not in the ball-room?

The. I am going, pappa.

Bar. But why did you leave it? Speak honestly; no evasions, my dear; remember your promise.

The. Pappa—because—because I own, I am a little out of humour.

Bar. How so?

The. Why—I have danced but one country-dance, and that has vexed me.

Bar. And why did not you dance more? who prevented you?

The. I have not been able—she is always engaged—

Bar. *She*—Mademoiselle Amelia, I suppose.—But can you get no other partner? Why did you not dance with somebody else?—It is neither rude, nor well-bred, always to ask the same person.—Theodore, we do not deserve to please the

28 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

object of our affection, if we are deficient in politeness to the rest of her sex. I am confident, mademoiselle Amelia must, from your behaviour, conclude that you are, in general, ignorant of the attentions due to women; and then she cannot fail to think you impolite, and devoid of sense and delicacy.

The. 'Tis because I have no taste for gallantry, pappà.

Bar. So much the better; that is just what I wish; for the gallantry you mean is a mere jargon, which appears very insipid in the man by whom it is used, and is even extremely disgusting to the woman to whom it is addressed. Happily, it is no longer the fashion. Women, heretofore, were greedy of extravagant and ridiculous praises; but, in the present age, they are too delicate, too much enlightened, to be won by low and empty flattery. Since their vanity has been refined, it is become more difficult to succeed in the art of praising, and the means of captivating them; in short, as their worth is augmented, they are only to be flattered now, by an attentive, cautious, respectful behaviour, only to be attached by sense and virtue.—Consequently, a high value should be set on their good opinion, and a still higher, on the happiness of obtaining their esteem.—But return to the ball-room, Theodore: for I give you notice that mademoiselle Amelia will soon dance the *cozaque*; she has just been asked.

The. She promised to dance that, with me.

Bar. Then go, do not keep her waiting.

The. No, pappà. *(He goes out running.)*

SCENE

SCENE V.

THE BARON *alone; after a short silence.*

HE is unconscious of the grief which hangs over him.—The *cossaque* has been danced, and with the Chevalier de Verville: What rage will he feel on hearing this dreadful news!—Had I followed him, I should have checked the first transports of his passion—and it is my wish to learn how far he will go.—Poor Theodore, what must be his vexation at this moment!—Alas, so young, and yet no stranger to uneasiness and disturbance of mind!—Nay, in spite of maturer reason, I partake in his childish sorrow—and since that affects me, what shall I experience when I see his bosom torn by real and deeply felt afflictions?—The Abbé does not come.—Oh, here he is.

SCENE VI.

THE BARON, THE ABBÉ.

B.r. WELL, Abbé, how does Theodore behave?

Abb. He is furious, quite distracted.—He entered the room just as the *cossaque* ended; I was standing in the niche of a window, which concealed me from his view; though he, indeed, observed no one of the company, but the Chevalier de Verville and mademoiselle Amelia: the advanced to inform him that after having waited

30 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

for his return a considerable time, she was at length ordered, by her mother, to dance with the Chevalier de Verville. The unfortunate Theodore stood mute, turned pale, coloured, and, as I imagine, did not dare to speak, lest tears should stop his utterance; but quitting her abruptly, he passed close by me without seeing me, and had not proceeded above two steps when he met the Chevalier de Verville, to whom I very distinctly heard him say, in a half whisper, that he wished to speak with him for a moment in this very room.

Bar. What can that mean?

Abb. Hear the end. His manner, and altered tone of voice, very much surprized the Chevalier, who desired an explanation; but your son refused: however, they agreed that the Chevalier should dance another country-dance, because his partner waited for him, and afterwards, that they would adjourn hither. I no sooner heard this, than I came away to inform you of it; but I first took the precaution of ordering Champagne to let us know when he saw our young-men quit the ball-room.

Bar. What impetuosity, what violence appears in the disposition of this child!—If he does not acquire an absolute dominion over himself, into how many errors he will fall!—Weakness and rage are the dangerous sources of the most culpable irregularities and excesses.—But let us try how far he will go; let us observe his behaviour.

Abb. What is your plan?

Bar. To let them come into this room, and to conceal ourselves in that closet, where we shall hear their discourse without difficulty.

Abb.

Abb. Monsieur, Theodore certainly designs to fight.

Bar. Let us suffer him to enter into an explanation with the Chevalier de Verville, for that is what I am anxious to hear. After all the lessons which he has, this very day, received from me, can he be imprudent enough to confess the cause of his resentment? will he dare thus to expose her whom he loves; and that, without allowing himself more than a quarter of an hour's reflexion?

Abb. Consider—the trial you meditate is a very delicate one.

Bar. I am as sensible of that as you can be; and therefore, feel agitated and uneasy: but, as it may give me an insight into my son's disposition, I ought to make the trial.—I shall know, by this conversation, whether the seeds of courage and generosity are really sown in his heart—

Abb. Recall a reflexion which frequently has comforted us both, and which, experience daily justifies; that generally speaking, in order to form a just idea of children, our positive conclusions should be drawn from their virtues only, not their faults. Man is rather weak than wicked, and evil; more strange; more opposite to his nature than we believe. Virtue quickly takes deep root in the bosom; vice ever penetrates superficially and by degrees: in short, I shall always think it easier to set the wanderer right, than to lead a good and susceptible disposition wrong.

Bar. I am of your opinion, dear Abbé; nevertheless, if my son should be unequal to this trial, it would pierce my soul.—There is somebody coming.

32 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

Abb. Ah, fir ! give up your scheme.

Bar. I cannot.

Abb. 'Tis Champagne.

Cham. (*Entering hastily*). The country-dance is over—they will be here in a moment.

Bar. Champagne, when they come, do you leave them alone together.—Now let us conceal ourselves.

Abb. You tremble.

Bar. I confess it—and should blush at so doing, before any other person ; but you, my friend, know how tenderly I love this boy !—

Abb. Your eyes are filled with tears !—Ah, fir !—(*They embrace, and remain for a moment without speaking.*)

Bar. You alone can excuse this weakness.

Abb. Oh, believe me, I share in it, and am as much disturbed as you are.

Cham. I hear them.

Bar. Come, my dear Abbé. Champagne, if they ask about me, say I am just gone into the ball-room.—Come, come along.

[*They go into the closet.*]

Cham. (*Alone.*) How my master is affected !—I often see him so.—What a good father ! what a good master ! what a good man !—One would gladly serve him for nothing. Oh, here's monsieur Theodore.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

THE CHEVALIER, THEODORE,
CHAMPAGNE.

The. CHAMPAGNE, we have business in this room for a moment; leave us. Should my papa, or the Abbé, ask for me, say we are practising the figure of a country-dance which we are going to do presently; and take care that nobody comes to disturb us, because we shall be locked in, though but for a very little while.

Cham. What, you two by yourselves, without a fidler?

The. The fidler is coming; do leave us.

Cham. Well, good sport to you. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VIII.

THE CHEVALIER, THEODORE.

The. NOW, I'll fasten the door.

[*He goes to fasten it.*]

Che. Poor Theodore, he is quite out of his senses! (*Theodore, after having fastened the door, takes two swords from off the sofa.*)

Che. What are you looking for, Theodore?

The. Your sword and mine, which should both be here.

Che. Well, so you really intend to fight?

B 5

The.

34 THE CHILDREN'S BALL;

The. (*With two swords in his hand.*) This is your sword.

Che. (*Taking it.*) But do tell me what I have done to offend you? for, indeed, I don't know.

The. Then listen; in the first heat of my resentment, I desired you would come hither, and you ought to have understood that it was to demand satisfaction for your behaviour; but now, being cooler, the fear of giving my father uneasiness occurs to my mind; and, if you will make an apology, I shall be satisfied without fighting.

Che. How, an apology! and why should I apologize to you?

The. A man is either to receive excuses, or fight, I know that very well; excuses are my due; so take your measures accordingly; apologize, or let us fight.

Che. But if an apology be necessary, I have more right to demand it than you; for you are the aggressor, sir.

The. No, the fault is yours.

Che. What fault?

The. I am told you have spoken of me in a certain manner—which I cannot put up with.

Che. 'Tis false—name the contriver of that lye; for with him, I ought to fight.

The. I shall repeat no names, having pladged my word of honour not to do it.

Che. Oh, I fancy that is not true, but a mere pretence which you have invented.

The. How, sir, do you give me the lye?—Come, come; sword in hand, if you please.

Che.

Cbe. I very well know the true reason of your anger; it is because you are jealous of mademoiselle Amelia, and extremely vexed at not having danced the *cofaque*.

The. Sir, you guess quite wrong; your opinion is a matter of perfect indifference to me, yet I would gladly convince you how devoid it is of common sense; therefore learn, sir, that although I respect mademoiselle Amelia very much, still, she is by no means the person whom I prefer; in one word, I love another.

Cbe. And how long pray, has that been the case?

The. Oh, always—above six weeks, before I knew mademoiselle Amelia. But no more of this conversation: come, sir, do let us end the business.

Cbe. Sir, I am stronger and older than you are; I neither will, nor ought to fight with a child.

The. A child!—You are thirteen, I am in my thirteenth year; therefore, our ages are the same. Come, again I say let us end the business and make haste.

Cbe. My sword is longer and better than yours.

The. I shall think you are seeking for excuses, if you still refuse to fight.

Cbe. No, my wish to fight is now become full as strong as yours—but I will not take any advantage; change swords, and I will begin immediately.

The. Since you think mine the worst, I ought to keep it.

Cbe. In strength, I am more than your match already

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The. And I have the advantage in skill; I am a better swordsman than you are. Come, put yourself in a posture of defence.

Che. Hold an instant. (*The Chevalier runs hastily upon Theodore, whose sword he wrests away, and then throws him his own.*)

The. Oh, heaven! What are you about?

Che. Take my sword, I have got yours; now let us fight.

The. No, I will not fight with your sword; give me back my own—you insult me by wishing to keep it.

Che. Take up that sword; no more, but defend yourself.

The. I will not fight, unless we are equally armed; and if you have any real generosity, you will not make an attack, and force me to defend myself in a disgraceful manner.—Stop a moment; I have just thought of something; all the dancers' swords lie upon that sofa; I will go and choose one exactly like yours.

Che. Well, do so.

The. Come, let us make haste. (*They go to the Sofa, and choose a sword, after measuring it by the Chevalier's.*) This is just the same. Come, no more delay.

Che. I am ready. (*They put themselves in a posture of defence, at which moment the closet door opens, and the Baron and Abbé appear.*)

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

THE BARON, THE ABBE, THE CHEVALIER, THEODORE.

The. HEAVEN !—there's my pappa.

Bar. (*Placing himself between them.*) Theodote, and you my dear Chevalier, are you both willing to choose me as an umpire ?

Che. I ask nothing better.

Abb. And what says monsieur Theodote ?

The. I wait for my father's orders, and am, before-hand, ready to obey them.

Bar. Well then, since you accept me as your judge, I pronounce that the whole blame rests with my son ; and I flatter myself he now is sensible of it, and will find some method of making atonement for his imprudence, anger, and injustice.

The. Yes, pappa, I acknowledge my fault ; I intreat your pardon ; and beg you will dictate the apology which I owe to the Chevalier de Ver-ville.

Bar. No, I prescribe nothing ; remember, that you once loved him, that you have now offended him, and say what your heart suggests on the occasion.

The. If I dared, I would embrace him.

Ch. (*Advancing towards Theodore.*) Come, my friend. (*They run into each other's arms, and embrace several times.*)

Abb. (*To the Baron.*) Delightful children !

Bar. Now, Theodore, come and receive my pardon likewise ; for you have hurt me cruelly.

He

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(*He holds out his hand, which Theodore kisses.*) I was promised your unbounded confidence, and yet, without consulting, or even acquainting me, you resolved to fight!—nay, although you knew that your resentment was equally capricious and unjust, still, the certainty of bringing deep affliction on a father could not withhold you.—However, all shall be forgotten; and I flatter myself you will learn, from this adventure, how much you ought to dread the first transports of your passions; and I trust you will, henceforward, exert your best endeavours towards moderating the impetuosity of your temper.

The. Yes, pappa, you may depend upon it, I will not do any thing in future without your advice.—You are so good, so equitable, that it would be very ungrateful indeed, were I averse to placing the utmost confidence in you. When I feel myself tempted to commit a rash action, I will instantly tell you; nor will you ever find a difficulty in diverting me from it, for I declare, while listening to your words, I am almost as reasonable as you are.

Bar. Now then, my children, return to the ball-room; and let me desire you, my dear Chevalier, not to mention this little adventure, for it would make both of you appear ridiculous, and prove that you have not even the understanding which is to be expected at twelve years old. You possess neither the strength nor the skill requisite for fighting; your bodies are weak, your knowledge of the science as yet uncertain: your notions on the point of honour must be imperfect; therefore, duelling, at your age, is no mark of valour; and the attempt you made only shews your ignorance of those virtues which become you.

In

In short, that species of courage, which alone gives us favourable anticipations of children, is such as teaches them to support sickness and affliction patiently, and without complaining; and especially, such as enables them to controul their idle fancies, keep their resolutions, and correct their faults. Valour, if not founded on this absolute dominion over ourselves, is but a blind, and oftentimes a dangerous impulse; while true courage, which is as invariable as it is intrepid, proceeds from the heart, that alone can lead to glory, and equally forms the hero and the sage. Theodore, we will talk of this another time; now it is late: go into the ball-room, my children, and I will soon follow you.

Che. Permit me, sir, to ask one question: you were in that closet, did you not overhear us?

Bar. Yes.

Chr. Well, then, since you know what I said about mademoiselle Amelia, I may speak to you on the subject; it is to desire you will ask for the *casaque* again, that Theodore may dance it likewise.

The. No, no; I care nothing about the matter, I assure you.

Chr. But you will do it, to please me.

Bar. Theodore will have that generosity. Go, my boys; I shall follow you in a moment.

The. Come, Chevalier.

Che. Come, my dear Theodore; and let us never quarrel again, I conjure you.

[They go out arm in arm.]

SCENE

SCENE X. and last.

THE BARON, THE ABBÉ.

Bar. WELL, Abbé, now are you sorry that I ventured to make this trial?

Abb. You are a happy father, and you richly deserve to be so. I have not words to describe the pleasure I experienced from contemplating you, while we were in that closet. What joy, what satisfaction shone upon your countenance, when the two sweet children were disputing with each other! and how pleasing, how affecting it is, to view the expressive looks of a satisfied parent! that fight undoubtedly exhibits the truest representation of the purest earthly happiness.

Bar. But let us talk of these children; let them be our theme, my dear Abbé. What courage, generosity, delicacy, what qualities did they display in the short space of one half hour!—My son!—how tender and exalted is his heart!—The fear of afflicting me presented itself amidst all his rage and vexation!—Do you recollect the tone in which he expressed an unwillingness to fight, lest it should give me pain?

Abb. Believe me, I did not lose one word.

Bar. Acknowledge that he well deserves my tenderness.—But if that excessive tenderness should ever blind my eyes, open them again, dear Abbé, I conjure you: it is only for the sake of this beloved child that I would guard against too much partiality.—Oh, preserve me from the dreadful evil of spoiling your work and my own by a guilty weakness!

Abb.

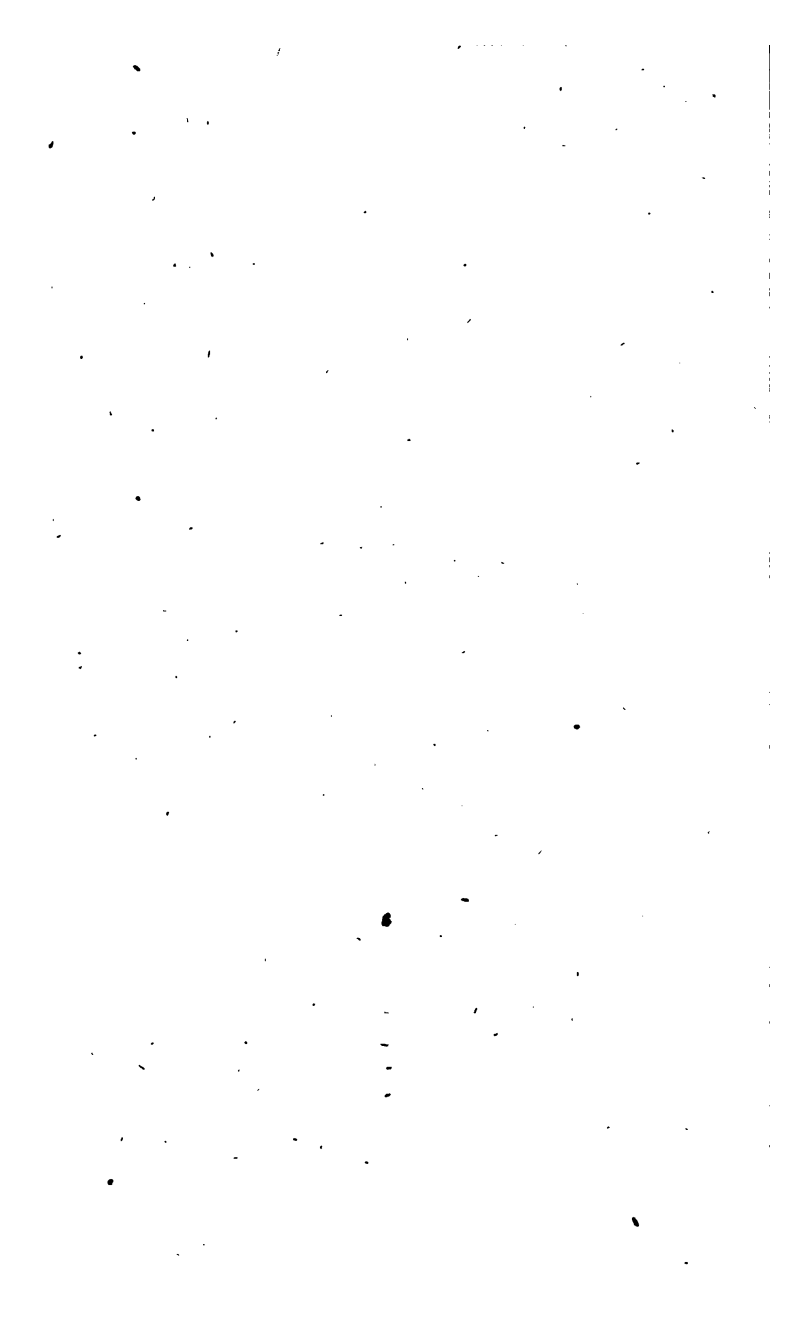
OR, THE DUEL. 41

Abb. No, that work cannot fail to reach perfection, and will be the delight and glory of your life; do not doubt it.

Bar. I long to see the Chevalier's father, and acquaint him with this charming story: he is in the ball-room, let us go and find him.

Abb. Pray allow me to be present when you relate the circumstances; but let our amiable Theodore first dance the *cofsaque*.

Bar. Oh, that is quite reasonable. Come, my friend.
[*They go out.*]



THE

TRAVELLER;

A DRAMA,

OF TWO ACTS.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

The Marquis de MELVILLE.

Viscount MELVILLE, *his son.*

The Baron de VALCE.

The Chevalier de VALCE, *son to the Baron.*

DORIVAL, *tuto. to Viscount Melville.*

L'EPINE, *valet-de-chambre to the Viscount.*

ROUSSEL, *valet-de-chambre to the Baron.*

Scene, the Baron's seat in Picardy.

T H E
T R A V E L L E R.

Travel is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

SpeBator, Vol. V.

A C T I.

S C E N E the First.

The Stage represents a large hall.

R O U S S E L, L' E P I N E.

L'Ep. I'M overjoyed, my dear Roussel, to find you in such good health; 'tis so pleasant, after travelling two years, to see one's old friends again! We have been here these three days; and my first care, on dismounting from my horse in the Castle-yard, was to enquire about you: I learned, with great vexation, that you were at Paris.

Rou.

Rou. Yes, I was sent thither, by my master, on some business, which detained me longer than I reckoned for.

L'Ep. Are you but just come back?

Rou. This moment; and as the Baron is gone a hunting, we shall have a nice opportunity to chat till his return.

L'Ep. With all my soul; I'm your man. 'Egad, you'll see whether travelling makes the tongue glib. I was always given to talk, though I'm grown still more expert at it lately. But 'tis my young master you must hear; how he does chatter!—only ask him one question, and he'll make thirty answers without boggling. No matter who listens, that's quite equal, he runs on just the same. All those foreigners among whom we have been were in such astonishment!—Swiss, Italians, Sicilians, English, Dutch, he struck 'em every one mute. Oh, he's a fine young fellow! he's quite finished, I'll answer for that; and though but eighteen, there's ne'er a chatterer of forty able to cope with him half an hour together.

Rou. The deuce! why he went abroad to gain instruction; and if he talked without ceasing, that was not the way.

L'Ep. What do you mean by instruction? Oh, we set off perfectly instructed: ask monsieur Dorival, our tutor, if we did not.—'Twas our part, my lad, to instruct those poor silly foreigners, who would never have known the least of our customs, if my master had not taken the pains to inform them. We talked of nothing but Paris, the French play, the ladies most in fashion, the wits, suppers, balls; in short, always Paris; or Versailles, we never could get from thence.

Rou.

Rou. Mighty well! and now you are returned hither, perhaps you'll talk to us of nothing but Switzerland, or Italy.

L'Ep. Just so; you have hit it; and for this purpose 'tis, that young men travel.

Rou. Faith, l'Epine, by what you tell me of your master, I doubt whether he'll please mine. The Baron's a good honest country gentleman, who has almost always lived upon his own estate, and thinks a young man should be modest and unaffected.

L'Ep. Antiquated Ideas those, my friend; we shall rectify them.

Rou. Not you, I don't believe a word on't; he's a fly one, I'll warrant; aye, and devilish long-headed too, spite of that plain downright appearance. Then, did not he very well know how to bring up his own son, without sending him a rambling?—The Chevalier de Valcé, need not yield to any body; what think you?

L'Ep. Yes, 'tis a good pretty boy—somewhat of a ninny.

Rou. Ninny yourself, for fancying so! Where did you pick up that? He has so much sense, so much goodness!—he studies, reads all day long, has a number of accomplishments, and, what's more, thinks he knows nothing.

L'Ep. You call that being modest; but, in the eyes of us travellers, 'tis stupidity, sheer folly, as my master says. However, let's talk of more interesting things, dear Roussel; you know we came hither expressly to marry the Baron's daughter; then why is she not taken out of the convent, why is she still at Paris?

Rou. Why?—because the Baron wishes to see a little of his intended son-in-law, and study his character before he gives him his daughter.

L'Ep

L'Ep. But this match was settled a long time ago; indeed, before our departure: your master and my young gentleman's father were always great cronies, their fortunes are suitable, and—

Rou. All this is true; but the Baron only engaged on condition that your young master, Viscount Melville, should come and spend some time here, after his travels; that the Baron might judge whether or no he would make a proper husband for his daughter.

L'Ep. And the Marquis does not think it possible for any body to look at his son, without being struck with wonder and admiration.

Rou. Well, is the Baron of that mind? what says he to your master?

L'Ep. Why nothing as yet.—The first day was spent in compliments, embraces, and private conversations between my master and his father. Yesterday, they were fishing all the afternoon; this morning they hunt; so the Viscount has not yet found time to display all his eloquence; but let him alone, he'll make up for it.

Rou. Tell me now, has he really a great desire to marry Angelica?

L'Ep. Oh, yes; she's rich and handsome, the match pleases him very much; nay, he is even determined, when she becomes his wife, to sacrifice a certain picture to her—

Rou. Aye, aye, I understand—some favourite damsel.

L'Ep. Oh, no! you are quite wrong; 'tis the copy of a Saint Cecilia in the CAPITOL; but here in France, we pass it off for a great Neapolitan lady; and, I'm sure, this will not be the first miniature come from far under a borrowed name.

Rou. How I would not be scruple such a falsehood?

L'Ep. Good! scruple, indeed! why foppery gets the better of all scruples. But tell me, in your turn, is Angelica very desirous of being married?

Rou. Oh, she has no will but her father's.

L'Ep. Did she never see my master?

Rou. No; she was brought up in a provincial convent till her aunt the Abbess's death, and has only been eighteen months at Paris.

L'Ep. There's somebody coming, I believe.—Roussel, you are called.

Rou. 'Tis the Baron's voice.

L'Ep. Well, my friend, I'll leave you just for the present. *[He goes out.]*

Rou. What a rattle-pate!—but here's my master.

S C E N E II.

THE BARON, ROUSSEL.

Bar. ROUSSEL—I was looking for you. Well, do you bring me any letters?

Rou. Yes, Sir, here are several. *(He presents them. The Baron reads; during which time, Roussel continues talking.)* There's one from mademoiselle Angelica; she has likewise written to the Chevalier.

Bar. Have you seen my daughter? *(He reads, while Roussel answers.)*

Rou. Yes, sir; she's grown taller, handsomer; oh, quite charming!—I bring you her picture, such a
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C
likeness!

likeness!—She chose to be painted in the character of Diana, because you love hunting, sir.

Bar. (*Putting the letters into his pocket.*) Let's see the picture. (*Roussel gives him a snuff-box*) It is a striking likeness, indeed.—Roussel, don't say one word of this picture: I'll shew it to Viscount Melville, without telling him it was done for Angelica; I shall like to observe what impression it will make.

Rou. Now you mention the Viscount, sir, may I venture to ask when the wedding's to take place?

Bar. Oh, when!—I don't know yet; we must see.—The young man's turn of mind does not greatly hit my taste; he is too self-sufficient to have much understanding—still, if his heart be good, that's the essential point.

Rou. He is mighty vain of his travels, by what I find.

Bar. I foresaw that: I warned his father of it: a man must have discernment to reap benefit from travelling. However, the Marquis turned a deaf ear: he is very worthy, but a little nonsensical. All these philosophers, these *thinkers*, as they call themselves, are queer people. Indeed, Roussel, I value such plain sense as yours and mine, beyond all their fine expressions. Don't you know the Viscount's valet-de-chambre?

Rou. Perfectly, sir.

Bar. Well, I desire you will employ your dexterity in questioning him about his master.

Rou. Oh, there's no need of dexterity, sir, for we have been talking on that subject a good hour.

Bar. And what did he say?

Rou.

Rou. Faith, sir, he gives a very pretty account of him, I must tell you this before-hand.

Bar. Conceal nothing ; 'tis my order.

Rou. You insist upon it, then ?—

Bar. Hush ; we are interrupted. Go, and wait in my study ; I'll follow you in a moment.

Rou. Yes, sir.

[*He goes out.*]

Bar. The testimony of a servant against his master scarcely deserves consideration ; but in a matter so important, I should listen to every account. Oh, here is the Marquis.

SCENE III.

THE BARON, THE MARQUIS.

Bar. WELL, Marquis, what have you done with our children ?

Mar. My son is locked up in his own room ; he is writing ; because the courier for Italy sets out to-morrow. Come, Baron, let us converse a little on our affairs ; in the first place, say what you think of my son.

Bar. He is well made ; and, were he dressed as a Frenchman, would be very lightly ; but that great neckcloth, which looks like a *gouëtre*, somewhat disfigures him : and then, one might ride after the English fashion just as well, without bending double, as he does, upon his horse's neck. He must try to break himself of these little affectations, which always give a bad opinion of a young man's understanding.

Mar. As for understanding, I don't believe he can be accused of wanting that. Only set him a-talking, question him about his travels, and he

will astonish you, I am certain. He has such an imagination, such fire, such finished taste—nay, he even has profundity, and much—

Bar. *Finished taste and profundity, at eighteen !—*
Oh, my friend, what an abuse of words !

Mar. But set him a talking, 'tis all I desire ; and till then, suspend your judgement. You thought it was a folly to let him travel so young ; you said he would bring nothing but affectation and pedantry from abroad, and not the least real knowledge ; while he, on the contrary, examined every thing with that ardent curiosity peculiar to the very young, by which means every object he has seen is indelibly graven on his memory. He has brought a passionate love for the arts from Italy ; and speaks of them in a style which will surprize you. Do but ask for that chapter in his journal which treats of painting ; upon my word, 'tis a master-piece of taste and eloquence.

Bar. That it may be a master-piece, I admit ; but, nevertheless, I should not comprehend it : I have no passion for the arts, but am, in that respect, extremely ignorant ; I only understand how to reason a little : yet, though I have no information myself, I value it in others, and think those who possess it enjoy a real good. You find I have spared nothing in my son's education ; I have put him under the guidance of persons from whom he may derive knowledge and accomplishments, and I send him every year to spend three months at Paris with my brother, that he may perfect himself in his studies, by lessons from the best masters, and likewise, that he may see a little of the world. In short, I repeat that I have sense enough to discern the charms and the utility of education ;
but

but pedantry is my greatest abhorrence ; that fault belongs only to the half-learned and moderately endued ; nay, were it accompanied by all the sciences, it would, nevertheless, be intolerable to me ; and in youth especially, it appears monstrous : yes, a young pedant is, according to my idea, the most completely ridiculous object we can possibly meet with.

Mar. I am of your mind about that, and rest assured you will find my son far removed from such a fault ; he is genuine in the extreme ; indeed, there frequently is a confusion, a something unconnected in his discourse, because he gives the reins to a lively imagination, and to a soul replete with force and energy ; but then, he is astonishing, he speaks with an eloquence, a choice of expressions absolutely wonderful. Now, this copiousness arises spontaneously, without affectation or study, and merely from the impulse of that enthusiasm which he experiences.

Bar. I don't comprehend much of all this ; however, I'll have a long conversation with him to-day. I confess, that eloquent enthusiastical young men have not hitherto suited my taste ; he may reconcile me to them ; we shall see. In a word, if he is unaffected, I overlook every thing.—But I must leave you, having some trifling business to settle before dinner.

Mar. *A propos* of business, we have not yet fixed the wedding day.

Bar. We will talk that over ; don't let us be hasty.—Oh, here's your son's tutor ; I suppose you will not be sorry to converse with each other. I'll go.—Adieu. [He goes out.]

Mar. This man is much too narrow-minded to feel all my son's merit.

SCENE IV.

THE MARQUIS, DORIVAL.

Mar. WHAT is my son doing, monsieur Dorival?

Dor. Why I have just learned, from l'Épine, that he was fatigued with hunting, so threw himself upon his bed, and has been asleep these two hours.

Mar. It must be a mistake, for I accompanied him to his chamber, where he told me he should lock himself in to write.

Dor. Well, sir, he has lent you his journal; what think you of that?

Mar. I can think of nothing else. Sincerely, Monsieur Dorival, did you give him no assistance?

Dor. Assistance!—Really, sir, 'tis no exaggeration to say that I could not, with the greatest attention, write what he does with a dash of his pen. Indeed, such readiness is quite a prodigy; and the way in which he examines and judges is inconceivable at his age. Has he read you his piece upon the manners and political constitution of the English?

Mar. He has.

Dor. Well?

Mar. Unheard of! incomprehensible!—I was struck aghast, I acknowledge.

Dor. Nevertheless, he spent but two months in England. He is an extraordinary youth, and, I declare it, reads mankind better than I do, notwithstanding I am his senior by twenty years.

Mar.

Mar. When he set out, I gave him but one injunction: son, said I, you are sixteen, and an excellent scholar; your head is *well stocked*; it now remains to form your judgement; you go to survey different countries; do not study things so much as men.

Dor. An admirable precept! very essential; very philosophical.

Mar. Men, men; study men, repeated I; such was my exhortation; and I view its fruits with pleasure.

Dor. I can answer for his having strictly followed your advice: the turn for observation, which he shewed throughout his travels, surprized every body.—The Venetian ambassador used to say of him; “That young man unites the vivacity of the French with all the depth of the English;” and it was a just delineation.

Mar. I did not know that *trait*; 'tis delightful! there is taste and elegance!—Tell the Baron that, I beseech you.

Dor. Oh, I could tell him many others—but would they be much relished by the Baron?

Mar. The Baron is a worthy man; and even possesses a sort of natural understanding; but no *elasticity*, no *philosophy*, no acquaintance with the human heart; he has prejudices, with a cold imagination: behold his portrait in a few words.

Dor. And traced by the pencil of a master.

Mar. Why sometimes I have the knack of hitting likenesses tolerably.—*A good head-piece*, Monsieur Dorival, which reflects forty years successively, ought to have a little penetration.—But to return to the Baron: I am very sensible he does not possess all that is requisite to make him

appreciate my son; but genius ever charms and captivates even those who are least qualified to ascertain its merit; and the Baron will, I am certain, be unable to defend himself against so irresistible an allurement.

Dor. Aye; but I fear his son, the Chevalier de Valcé, endeavours to undervalue the Viscount.

Mar. Very possibly; for that young man feels himself crushed by my son in so terrible a manner, that it is to be feared the humiliation given to his self-love may quickly beget jealousy and aversion.

Dor. Has he any influence over his father's mind?

Mar. A great deal. The stripling will always be extremely weak; he possesses sweetness of temper, but no depth, nothing brilliant; in a word, he is born to remain for ever in that obscure class of people, concerning whom we can neither say good nor harm; this is his horoscope; and yet the Baron is incredibly blind respecting his son. I have no idea of these fatherly partialities; I acknowledge; they never fail to astonish me, and, of all ridiculous things, furnish perhaps one of the most curious subjects for speculation to a philosophical observer.—But what would Roussel have with us?

Roussel enters, and speaks to the Marquis.

Sir, the Baron desires to know whether you choose to play a game at billiards before dinner?

Mar. With all my heart. Come, my dear Dorival. [They go out.]

Rou. (Alone.) The Baron seems rather out of conceit with his intended son-in-law. O' my conscience, I'm not sorry; for judging by appearances, and l'Epine's report, I verily believe the spark

spark to be an arrant coxcomb.—Who's a-com-
ing? Oh, 'tis the Chevalier.

S C E N E V.

THE CHEVALIER, ROUSSEL.

Che. ROUSSEL, I want to speak with you a moment.

Rou. About what, Sir?

Che. My father has repeated to me all you told him concerning Viscount Melville; he is much struck by it, and prepossessed against that young man, whose follies may, perhaps, have been exaggerated by his servant; indeed, Roussel, you were not sufficiently cautious in the account you gave—

Rou. Why, I spoke nothing but truth.

Che. We should not be in such haste to think evil, and in still less to utter it. My father has ordered you to interrogate l'Epine again; and I desire, my dear Roussel, out of regard to me, that you will not exasperate him further: he is more clear-sighted than either of us; therefore, do not attempt to prejudice, but leave him to judge fairly and for himself.

Rou. What then, have you taken a fancy to the Viscount?

Che. By no means; but, notwithstanding his apparent absurdities, he may have an amiable disposition.

Rou. Are you acquainted with what he says of you, sir?

Che. No, nor do I want to be told.

Rou. I'm beside myself, I declare, to hear you take the part of a man, who considers you as a mere ninny.

Cbe. A ninny?

Rou. Yes, sir, a ninny, since it must come out.

Cbe. (*Laughing.*) Is that all?—Well, and where's the harm? he only accuses me of what is every common at my age.

Rou. Your age! why he is but one year older.

Cbe. True, I am seventeen; and if I have the appearance of a ninny*, it is quite excusable, therefore, but a very slight reflexion, being the disgrace of our juvenile days, which, generally speaking, leaves us with that period; nay, it frequently results from qualities which a young man ought to possess, such as timidity, and diffidence of himself.

Rou. Oh, to be sure, sir, he has praised you highly! for since you find that out, I will not dispute it.

Cbe. No; but I think I have proved to you that he has said nothing which ought to offend me.

Rou. Perhaps, you are the only young man whom this would not have pierced to the quick.

Cbe. While my honour and my heart are unimpeached, while I am not accused of being either a

* There being no word, in the English language, strictly significant of that unformed, undecided character, expressed by the French word *niais*, the TRANSLATOR has substituted *ninny*; but, as a *ninny* certainly conveys the idea of a *fool*, it was thought necessary to make a trifling alteration in this speech, or its meaning would have been, *that to call a young man fool, is the slightest of all reproaches.*

pedant, or a coxcomb, every thing else is immaterial.

Rou. Talking of that, sir, (faith, I had forgot to tell you) your friend, the Viscount, humbugged us this morning, with his courier for Italy.

Cbe. How so?

Rou. Oh, 'tis excellent! — He gave out that he was locked up in his chamber, because he had twenty letters to write and send to Rome; instead of which, he went to bed, quite jaded down with hunting, spite of that English hitch he brags of so much.

Cbe. And how came you already to know about his English hitch?

Rou. I saw la Brie, the huntsman, who told me of it: though faith, I've heard nothing talked of but him, for the whole five hours I've been come back; there is not a servant in the house who don't make game of the Traveller, as they call him. I was very curious to see the gentleman myself; and have just been taking his orders in quality of *Concierge**; I found him dressing; he ordered me to tell the Baron, his dispatches were finished, and that he was coming down.

Cbe. Well, but how do you know that instead of writing he went to bed?

Rou. Because he did not think of ordering l'Epine not to tell; besides, while he slept, I was chattering with l'Epine in his anti-chamber, where we could plainly hear him snore.

Cbe. But, perhaps, he may have written since.

Rou. Not a single word, as l'Epine told me just now.

Cbe. To lye thus from mere wantonness, is incredible. — Does my father know of it?

* One of the principal domesticks. T

Rou. 'Egad, I forgot to tell him.

Che. Well then, dear Roussel, I desire you will say nothing about it; or, at least, wait: let us not hurry matters, nor be forward to depreciate a young man, whose faults, perhaps, may entirely spring from levity and inconsiderateness. If he wants veracity, doubtless he is undeserving of my sister; but let us have time to learn his character, and take especial care not to irritate my father against him unreasonably.

Rou. Come, I'll do every thing you wish; for the goodness of your heart has gained upon me so, that you make me quite scrupulous. But 'tis two o'clock, sir; dinner must be ready.

Che. Very true. Good b'y, Roussel, remember your promise.

Rou. Yes, Sir.—What a well-disposed lad!—

[*He goes out.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E the First.

L'EPINE, *alone.*

I THOUGHT to have found the Viscount here, for I absolutely must speak with him.— Oh, he's coming.

S C E N E II.

L'EPINE, THE VISCOUNT.

Vis. SO, Monsieur l'Epine, I'm glad we are met; what is that story you have been telling monsieur Dorival about my going to bed, and—

L'Ep. A story, do you call it, sir? Were you not undressed and in bed? did not I shut up the windows? and have not you slept two hours?

Vis. Learn, once for all, when I am retired, to say I am reading, or writing; in short, studying.

L'Ep. Very well, sir; now I shall not fail; but pray be so good, in future, always to give me my lesson, as you did in Italy; without twitting you, sir, I believe I may say you found me no bad second; I am very willing to lye, but I cannot possibly divine.

Vis. Come, enough of that.—You are acquainted with Roussel, who seems to be in the Baron's secrets; try to learn of him, whether I have the happiness to please his master.

L'Ep. That's exactly the thing about which I wanted to speak with you, sir. While you were at dinner, Roussel and I had a long gossip; and he told me the Baron was desirous of having a great deal of conversation with you this very day, on purpose to judge for himself, if the account he hears of your understanding be true.

Vis. (*With a sneering laugh.*) The good man!—that's charming!

L'Ep. Therefore, sir, prepare yourself—

Vis. To astonish and move a mere clown, must be a triumph *piquant* enough. Come, I'll make the attempt.—I'll devote myself to the business.

L'Ep. Roussel told me another thing, that the Chevalier likewise designs to have some private talk with you.

Vis. What! must I submit to the examination of the whole family? This really is quite troublesome.

L'Ep. They all say the Chevalier has a deal of learning and accomplishments.

Vis. Oh, yes; methinks he seems to enjoy a most brilliant reputation throughout Ficardy.

L'Ep.

L'Ep. Thus far is certain, he knows many languages for his age; Latin, German, Italian; and English.

Vis. And speaks them with amazing elegance.

L'Ep. 'Egad, I cannot tell about that; but this I may say, that it would have been very luckily for us, had we known as much upon our travels. There's somebody coming; 'tis the Chevalier himself.

Vis. Leave us. *[L'Epine goes out.]*

S C E N E III.

THE VISCOUNT, THE CHEVALIER.

Che. HAH, Viscount! I am rejoiced to find you alone; I have been seeking this opportunity ever since we returned from our hunt; and should have come into your room, only knowing that you slept—

Vis. (Laughing.) That I slept!—Was it not my valet-de-chambre who said so?

Che. Yes.

Vis. Well, to you I'll own the truth, which is, that when I retire to study, my servants are ordered to say I am asleep—'tis the only way to avoid continual interruptions.

Che. Then, you were not in bed?

Vis. Not one minute.

Che. Yet, your shutters were put to.

Vis. And always are while I study; 'tis a custom; light distracts my ideas; I cannot attend to any thing rather serious, but in this manner. I acquired the habit in Italy, principally owing to its being
necessary

necessary there to keep the shutters constantly shut on account of the heat, by which means the apartments are extremely dark. My whim of writing by candle-light was generally known both at Rome and Naples; nay, even grew proverbial; for by way of describing a studied work, people used to say it was certainly done by candle-light.—My discourse, on being admitted into the academy of the Arcadians, made this joke fashionable.

Che. But after all, I thought you went to bed this morning, and—

Vif. To bed!—Do persuade yourself that I am no sleeper; 'tis not a mere phrase, for I have an antipathy to sleep; that state of *stupor* and moral death, by which every faculty of the soul is annihilated, appears to me the most humiliating degradation human nature can experience; and consequently, I never accustom myself to sleep above two or three hours in the night at most.

Che. I congratulate you.—But it was my intention to converse with you respecting my sister, from whom I received a letter this morning—

Vif. Well, does she know that I am in France?

Che. Yes; and says a great deal about you, asking me questions, and desiring me to acquaint her, on your arrival here, with my opinion of your disposition, and—

Vif. You'll be able to reply, that I am not quite an idiot, that I have gained something by my travels.

Che. Angelica is sixteen; she possesses all the happy simplicity natural to that age; she thinks the whole merit of very young persons consists in modesty, good-nature, and a desire to learn, but
above

above all, in a thirst for virtue; and were I, when describing you, to draw a more charming picture, were I to say, you are at eighteen what you may be at thirty, I should frighten instead of captivating her; she is so fully convinced that early youth cannot reach the perfection of maturer years, that it would be impossible for me to overcome the prejudice; and if I gave you credit for superiour talents, joined to profound erudition, she would think I deceived myself, and mistook conceit, arrogance, and ridiculous pretensions, for learning and intrinsic worth.

Vis. What you say does not at all surprize me; such are the effects of a convent education; namely, prejudices and obstinacy.

Cbe. She has received a better education than is generally given in convents; my aunt, who was fully qualified to form her understanding, took especial care to inculcate just ideas.

Vis. Has she great sensibility?

Cbe. Her heart is excellent.

Vis. So much the better; nothing attaches like a *magnetick* heart; and, it must be confessed, the women excel us there—English ladies, especially; when they love, 'tis with such vehemence!—I knew one of them who was very surprizing in that respect—beautiful as the day—wonderfully *piquante*—quite *the ton*—well, this lady (by name, perfectly known even here) is capable of feeling an excess of passion which absolutely out-strips all one reads of in the most fabulous romances—such an impetuous imagination, such warmth, fire, delicacy—and a style of writing, positively replete with energy and fascination!—This English female, and a little Spanish girl, with whose father
I lodged

I lodged at Madrid, are, perhaps, in that way, two of the most extraordinary beings existing.

Che. (Aside.) What extravagant folly!

Vis. The Italian ladies too, have most violent passions; but they are insupportably jealous—I experienced that at Venice in a painful manner—an unhappy woman totally ruined herself by making the adventure so ridiculously publick!—it occasioned a dreadful noise, and really I was very much affected by it. Were I to recount all that occurred to me in my travels, I should frequently risque the imputation of exaggerating. It absolutely seems as if I were born for wonderful achievements, and of all kinds whatsoever.—But when do you commence Traveller, Chevalier?

Che. I have no taste for travelling, I acknowledge—and every moment strengthens my repugnance.

Vis. But this is a childish repugnance.

Che. Really, it will not be subdued by you.

Vis. What nonsense!—Come, I'll take you to the north with me next year.

Che. How! to the north?

Vis. Yes, I purpose making the northern tour. I shall go first into Russia, because I meditate a very *piquant* work, upon the rapid progress of the Russians in arts and policy: my plan is sketched already.—Afterwards I'll acquaint myself with Sweden, Denmark—

Che. And if you marry, will you take your wife?

Vis. Oh, that's impracticable—I shall only be accompanied by a draughts-man and a botanist. Do you love natural history?—I doat on it to distraction. I was born under a happy planet!—

The

The driest, the most barren studies are mere play to me. I learn whatsoever I please, without trouble, or application. One may boast of such facility; it has no connexion with genius, but depends on memory alone.—I certainly have a prodigious memory—and then, I love every science equally well.—My passion for knowledge extends throughout all objects.—There was rather a droll remark made upon this, during the latter part of my stay at Rome; it was said that I had, in one evening, solved a problem, filled up twelve *bout-rimés*, maintained a very spirited discussion relative to politicks, translated a passage of DANTE into French, and danced ten country-dances. I don't remember it myself, therefore cannot answer for the exactness of the account; but it may very possibly be true—very possibly indeed.

Che. What passage of DANTE did you translate?

Vif. Why—Oh, that's excellent!—it has slipped my memory.—I only recollect it was the most difficult in the whole poem, being chosen expressly to puzzle me.—I must have that translation among my papers; you shall see it.

Che. I think I hear my father. (*Aside.*) And some relief was quite requisite, for I could not have held out any longer.

Vif. (*Aside.*) The young man appears to me rather astonished by this conversation.—*Allons*, after petrifying the son, I must subdue the father.

, S C E N E IV.

THE BARON, THE VISCOUNT, THE
CHEVALIER.

Bar. SON, go into the saloon and join the Marquis, who is waiting to walk with you.—But hear me.—*(To the Viscount.)* Will you excuse my speaking a word with him?

Vis. I am going to retire.

Bar. No, no, it will be said in a moment.

Vis. Meanwhile then, I'll examine the pictures in this room, which have, hitherto, escaped my observation. *(He walks away, and looks at the pictures, affecting all the airs of a connoisseur.)*

Bar. *(To the Chevalier, in a half whisper.)* Well, and what has been the purport of your conversation?

Che. Oh, Sir! you find me, in such amazement!

Vis. *(Viewing a picture.)* Is not that head after RAPHAEL?

Bar. *(Turning to him.)* No, 'tis after my grandmother—and a very fine picture.

Vis. There is tolerable *freedom of hand*, very tolerable.—Oh, this is a good pretty landscape, it has *warmth of colouring*.

Bar. *(In a half whisper to the Chevalier.)* Is he not a coxcomb, an egregious coxcomb?—However, do you think he has any knowledge?—Tell me frankly, so far as you are capable of judging.

Che. He has lost his senses; his brain is turned; this is all I can discover.

Vis.

Vis. (Still viewing the pictures, and talking to himself, though very loud.) In the style of LA ROSALBA.

Bar. (Still speaking to the Chevalier.) And if his heart be corrupted, there is no remedy.

Che. Speak to him, sir, give him advice; perhaps you may work a reformation.

Bar. Enough; we will talk of this another time. Come, Viscount; and do you, son, go to the Marquis, and conduct him into my little garden; Ray, here's the key of the gate.

[*The Chevalier goes out.*]

S C E N E V.

THE BARON, THE VISCOUNT.

Vis. YOUR garden is ravishing—its *scite* extremely happy—and the view discoverable on the woody part, *agrestical*, but strongly *pietorial*. When day declines, the setting sun exhibits *grand masses of light* upon the mountain, which *have an effect wonderfully piquant*. That landscape recalls to my mind those of Switzerland, offering their charms; without their *severity*. Nature is more *majestick*, more *awful*, both in Switzerland and Italy; but 'tis a kind of beauty (if I may venture so to express myself) the rugged austerity of which, approaches to harshness: here, she is less sublime, but more simple, more pathetick.

Bar. (*Aside.*) What a pack of stuff!—I think they call this *improvisare*; it is not a language familiar to my ears, for I neither comprehend the words nor the phrases.

Vis. (*Aside.*) I have him—he's confounded already.

Bar.

Bar. (*Aside.*) Let's see how far this will go. (*To the Viscount.*) Indeed, Viscount, you amaze me.—Your *eloquence* is singular.—All you have found means to introduce, by way of saying my garden is pretty—

Vis. Arose from my passionate attachment to the country. The sight of a fine landscape affects me in a most extraordinary manner. What joy did I taste upon the Appenines! Those lofty mountains larded with rocks, and surrounded by precipices; that *aspect*, noble and untamed, exalted my imagination; every idea became expanded, elevated; till hurried on by an irresistible enthusiasm, I forsook my carriage, meditated, took sketches, and composed verses.—What a clime is Italy for a lively *speculative* mind! I *received an impression* not to be pourtrayed, on reflecting that I was in the land of CICERO, VIRGIL, and HORACE; notwithstanding I know all their works by heart, still, I found new pleasure in reading them upon the very spot where they were written—and Rome, Rome! what rapture did I feel on entering Rome!

Bar. But now, tell me a little about men, manners, and different governments; have not you penetrated to the bottom of all that?

Vis. In Italy my observations were entirely confined to matter; there, nothing but memory and eyes are requisite; there, we can only reflect on the past: but it is in Switzerland, in England, we must seek for *thinking beings*, heads *well organized*, and ideas so profound!—We have grace, a *pleasing varnish*, and an *eminent glow of colouring*; we know the art of the *chiaro-scuro*; but they have an advantage over us in *geometrical and methodical* reason,

reason, nor are we *competent* to compare our *logick* with theirs.

Bar. So you range the Swifs and English in one class; they neither possess varnish, glow, nor the *chiaro-scuro*; but method, logick, geometry, and competency.

Vis. Yes, in their manners and turn of idea there is a great similitude; they are *gifted* much alike.

Bar. (*Aside.*) *Gifted!*—(*To the Viscount.*) You have written a very copious journal, by what I hear?

Vis. Yes, I scribbled six volumes; 'tis an *unformed* work, as you may suppose; I wrote with such rapidity!—Nevertheless, there's fire, and a turn, original enough; in London, they persecuted me to print it; but I am so far from all kinds of pretensions!—I have likewise brought from Italy, some *precious* drawings, *exquisitely finished*.—

Bar. Are you a great connoisseur in pictures?

Vis. I have a tolerably just eye, and such a decided taste for the arts!—All my leisure at Rome, was devoted to musick and painting, in a most delicious manner. I wrote a little tract on musick, in which I prove that the Italians alone comprehend *the grand effects of harmony*; that their *style* is, in general, *more pure*, their ideas *more original*; and, finally, that we may always discover in their lightest airs, pretty *intentions*, *grace*, *elegance*, and *motives* well carried through.

Bar. Our musick is ill-intentioned—that gives me concern, for I loved RAMEAU.—But let us revert to painting; since you are a real lover of the art, I'll shew you a miniature, said to be done
by

by a good master. Give your genuine opinion of it, as that shall determine me respecting the purchase. Here it is. (*He gives him the snuff-box with Angelica's picture.*) (*Aside.*) Now, for the pedant's remarks on Angelica's picture!

Vis. (*After a moment's examination.*) I don't advise you to buy this.

Bar. Why so?—The countenance, to me, seems pretty.

Vis. (*Looking at the picture.*) No—devoid of originality—a bad attitude—without expression—a detestable work, indeed!

Bar. (*Piqued.*) 'Tis lucky to know that, however.

Vis. (*Still looking at the picture.*) Detestable!—a shocking disposition of colours—a stiff affair—a vulgar style—hardness—a poor cast of drapery.—(*Returning the box.*) 'Tis worth nothing—positively nothing!

Bar. (*With anger.*) Well, monsieur connoisseur, others may be less difficult—

Vis. How! what's the meaning of this?

Bar. Oh, here is your father, quite *a propos*.

S C E N E VI.

THE BARON, THE MARQUIS, THE
VISCOUNT, THE CHEVALIER.

Bar. COME, Marquis; come—

Mar. Bless me! you seem vastly disturbed.

Bar. I have just been shewing Angelica's picture to your son—

Vis. (*Aside.*) Oh, here's the plot!

Bar.

Bar. And she is not fortunate enough to hit his fancy. He says her features are *hard*—that she is *vulgar*, and has a stiff air—with an hundred other impertinences of the same kind—

Mar. How, son?—

Vis. (In a low voice, to the Marquis.) Sir, I'll explain all this—nothing can be more natural; but these people here have not common sense.

Bar. In short, my dear Marquis, Viscount Melville is much too wonderful for me: his genius rises so far above mine that I comprehend his long harangues no more than if they were spoken in German. His language abounds with a number of words, to me, absolutely unknown; while he places those I do understand in such a way that I am quite at a loss to find out their meaning.—For my part, I would willingly be able to talk with my son-in-law; therefore, you see plainly—

Mar. Enough; I release you from your promise: come, son.

Che. (Aside.) I anticipated this *dénouement*.

Vis. (To the Baron.) Sir, I only understand six languages, and acknowledge, to my shame, that I have not the smallest tincture of your *provincial dialect*; which unhappy ignorance costs me too much not to be most heartily deplored.

Mar. Come, son, follow me.

Bar. I hope, at least, my dear Marquis, that I shall not have the misfortune of losing your friendship.—To you I ought to have spoken more cautiously; but you know the warmth and frankness of my temper, and really I was provoked by that young man—besides, when you proposed this match, I stipulated, as you must remember, that it

should not take place, unless your son's understanding and disposition pleased me; and—

Mar. To avoid useless explanations receive my farewell; come, son, let us depart.

Vis. (Ironically.) Allons, let us support this stroke with becoming fortitude. The Muses, glory, and the arts, may, perhaps, afford me consolation.—Adieu, Chevalier!—*(Laughing as he goes out.)* This is really a most laughable adventure. Hah, hah, hah! *[The Marquis and Viscount go out,*

SCENE VII. and last.

THE BARON, THE CHEVALIER.

Bar. THE coxcomb!—Positively, I know not where I am—my ears still ring with all the impertinences he has uttered, to which I had the patience of listening an whole hour.—A senseless jargon!—Truly, I made an excellent choice for my poor Angelica!—But say, do you comprehend such excessive absurdity, confidence, and stupidity?

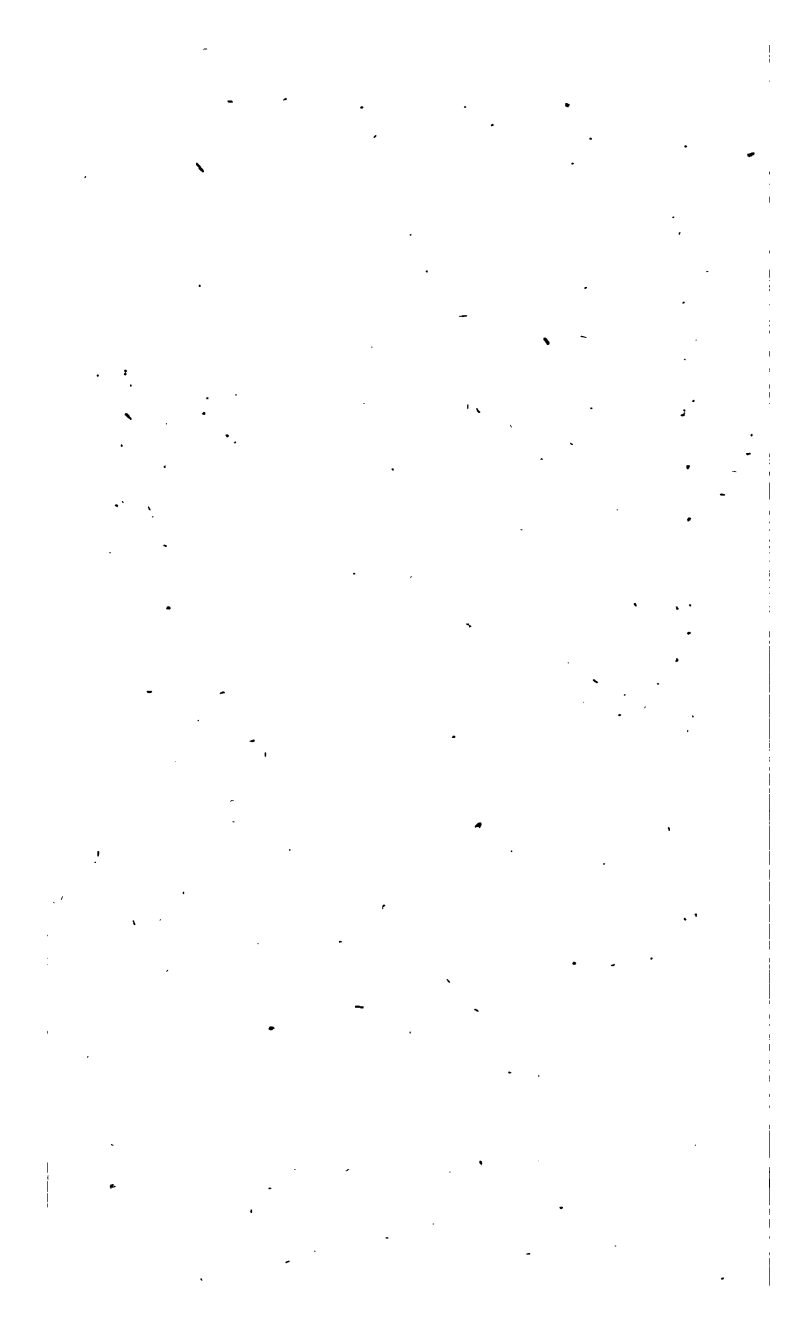
Che. It proves what you have so often told me, sir, that presumption, in a young man, is equally detrimental both to the heart and understanding.

Bar. My dear boy, never forget this lesson.—You will meet with coxcombs who have better intellects and more good-breeding; but rest assured their hearts are all alike—governed by the most contemptible, the silliest vanity; devoid of generous sentiments, principle, and respect for women; indiscreet, arrogant, and prone to lying—these are the horrid vices which characterize them all; belonging

belonging equally to the most specious, and those who are most awkward and ridiculous. In a word, never fail to remember that every thing, at your age, is learned by halves, notwithstanding the best education; that sense and judgement can only be matured by time and experience; that a *deep scholar*, or a *philosopher*, at eighteen, is but a fool; nor should we ever cherish favourable expectations of any young man who is not modest, docile, and virtuously inclined.

Che. Believe me, sir, I receive these salutary counsels with too much pleasure not to reap advantage from them hereafter: deign to believe that by my sentiments, at least, I will not disgrace you.

Bar. I am persuaded of it; and that opinion constitutes the happiness of my life.—But come, let us find the Marquis, and, if possible, appease him before he goes away; for, in spite of his son's impertinence, I am resolved not to break off a friendship of twenty years duration. [*They go out.*]

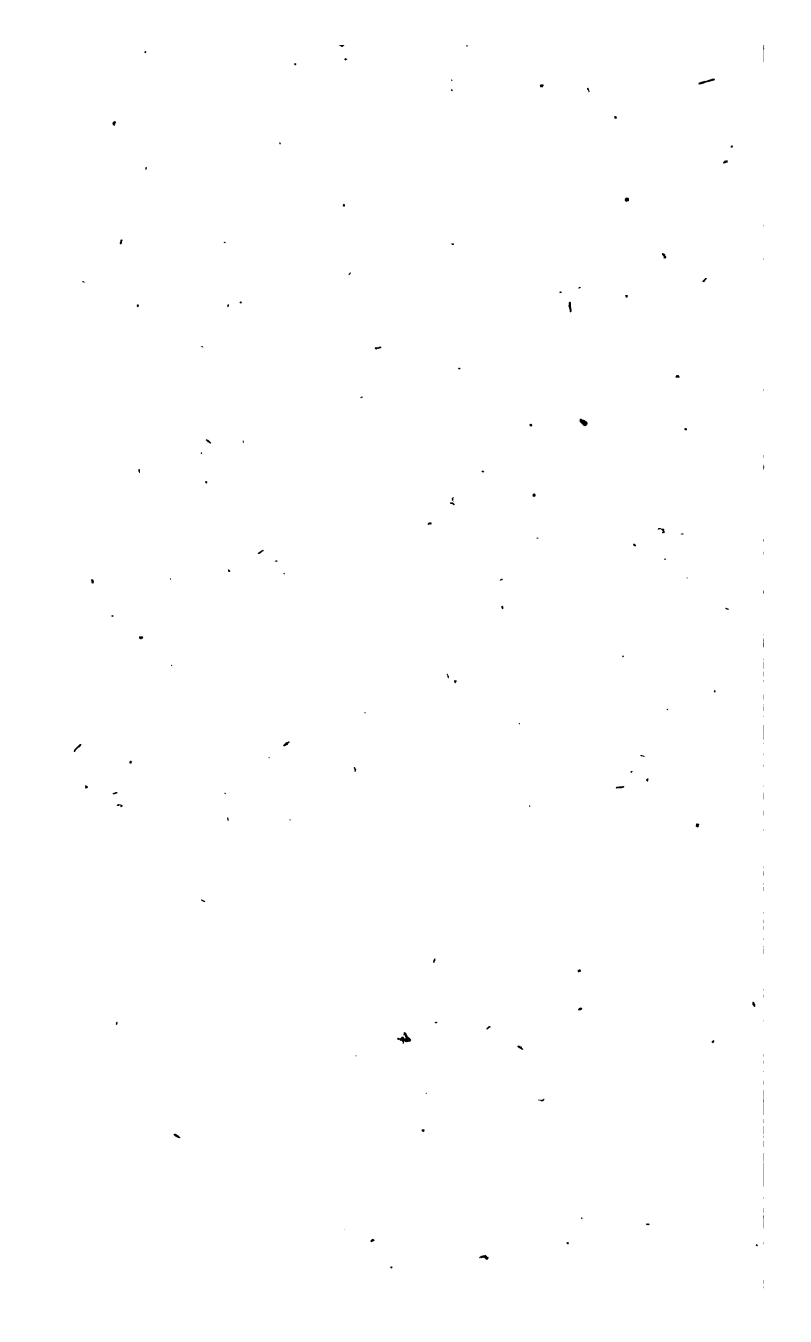


A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THERE was, in fact, a Caliph called * *Al Wāthek*, and son to *Al Mōtasem* surnamed † *the Oñonary*, who was the eighth Caliph of the house of *Al Abbās*, and a very great prince. Those parts of the following little drama, which are taken from the history of the Arabs, will be shewn by the notes. If the fabulous productions of a feeling mind have power to excite the tender passions, truth must affect them still more forcibly; and the pleasure of quoting a good action is infinitely superiour to that of inventing it.

* *Al Wāthek* mounted the Moslem throne, in the 227th year of the *Hejra*. T.

† *The Oñonary*. So called, because he expired on *Thursday*, the 18th of the former *Rabī*, and left eight sons and as many daughters behind him; he reigned eight years, eight months, and eight days; was the eighth *Khalīf* of the house of *Al Abbās*, was elevated to the Moslem throne in the 218th year of the *Hejra*, was born in the month of *Sbaabān*, being the eighth month of the year, fought eight battles, possessed eight thousand slaves, and had 8,000,000 *dinārs*, and 80,000 *dirhēms*, in his treasury at the time of his death. *Modern Universal History*, Vol. 11. T.



W A T H E K;

A D R A M A,

O F T W O A C T S.

D 4

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

The Caliph MOTASEM.

WATHEK, *his son.*

ALMANZOR, *Wáthek's governor.*

The VIZIER.

OSMIN, *son to the Vizier.*

NASSER, *friend to the Vizier.*

JAFFIER, *friend to Almanzor.*

Scene, the Caliph's palace,

W A T H E K.

A disinterested and generous Man, is born a Ruler; and he is, at the same time, the greatest of Politicians, were policy only to be considered.

Grandison, Vol. V.

A C T I.

S C E N E the First.

The stage represents the inside of one of the halls of the palace.

T H E V I Z I E R, N A S S E R.

Na. **L**ET us stay here; the young prince is not yet returned from hunting; and, while we wait for him, we may converse freely. I have an important secret to divulge: fortune, I believe, at last presents us with the sure means of ruining our common enemy, that austere unfociable man, whose credit with the Caliph has destroyed mine, and threatens yours—

D 5

Vi.

Vi. Almanzor?

Na. Yes, Almanzor.

Vi. Ah, speak—

Na. I have discovered the name of the person who wrote those abusive verses against you and the Caliph.

Vi. Well?—

Na. That infamous libel, which dares with so much audacity to affront our sovereign and his Vizier, is the work of Boulaski, a relation and friend of Almanzor's; I can prove it to demonstration.

Vi. This discovery may be useful; especially as Almanzor, a short time since, earnestly solicited a place for Boulaski, and has just obtained it.

Na. Shew these verses to the Caliph; acquaint him with these particulars; make him sensible that Almanzor's concern for Boulaski has only been manifested since these verses appeared, and assure him you are not ignorant of the hatred which Almanzor bears towards you.

Vi. I am sorry to find the Caliph's reputation is attacked as well as mine; he will not think it likely that Almanzor, his son's governor, should wish to sully his fame.

Na. Let us not attempt to persuade him that Almanzor composed the verses; but rather try to prove that he knew of them, and gave his approbation to the whole, for the sake of those parts which calumniate you: besides, you may likewise say, Almanzor has, for this year passed, been inwardly discontented with the Caliph; that it is reported he would have preferred the Vizier's place to his own, and will never forgive you for having obtained it on the last vacancy. In short, you must connect all these circumstances artfully together;

together; and should they only serve to infuse slight suspicions into the Caliph's mind, that would be a great matter: Princes soon pass from distrust to aversion.

Vi. The Caliph is just and penetrating; he esteems Almanzor; nay, I must confess that even I, sometimes approve, from my very soul; the friendship with which he honours him. Almanzor, for these ten years passed, has been wholly engrossed by the care of Wâthek's education, and seems to have no one ambition but that of fulfilling his duty; never concerning himself with state affairs, shewing the most uncommon disinterestedness, scorning intrigue, disdaining flattery; and, did we not suspect him of deep and secret plans, we might be tempted to consider him as an unparalleled model of philosophy, wisdom, and virtue.

Na. Trust me, such a model cannot be found in courts; if it has existence, let us never seek it in a courtier: and rest assured that Almanzor's seeming moderation is but a veil to hide the most ambitious purposes: has he not already profited greatly by this mode of conduct? He asks for nothing, yet is pursued by favours; what we solicit in vain, he frequently obtains without appearing to desire it:—he rejects the subtleties of intrigue—pho! has he not the art to insinuate himself daily more and more into the Caliph's confidence? and is he not certain of invariably enjoying that of the Caliph's successor? With what subtlety has he won the young prince's affection! I am unacquainted with the secret springs of Almanzor's policy; but by his success I judge of his depth, and, doubtless, that is greater than ours: beware lest you prove its victim.

Vi. I think as you do, my dear Nasser; and see in Almanzor a rival so much the more dangerous, because he is more capable than any other man of dissembling his designs and his ambition; and, in return for your confidence, I will confess that I have discovered a secret which may, I flatter myself, serve fully to acquaint the Caliph with his real character.

Na. I long to know this secret.

Vi. The young prince is in love with Zulica—

Na. With Almanzor's daughter?

Vi. Yes, I am certain of it; my son had the art to draw that important confession from Wáthek.

Na. Did Osmin himself tell you this?

Vi. He did; and I knew it not till yesterday.

Nas. We may rest assured that Almanzor has secretly encouraged the Prince's passion, and from thence derives ambitious hopes.

Vi. Every thing seems to prove it.

Na. But how did Wáthek find an opportunity to see Zulica, and become acquainted with her?

Vi. At the Princess's, the Caliph's mother's.

Na. So this is the reason of Almanzor's extraordinary attachment to that princess?—Various circumstances had estranged the Caliph from his mother; Almanzor alone was able to bring them together, and produce a reconciliation.

Vi. And to reward him for such a service, the Princess has, in a great measure, adopted Zulica for her daughter, and cannot bear she should be absent from her a moment. Undoubtedly, the Princess knows of Wáthek's passion; and, seduced by her favourite, she may, perhaps, conceive the foolish hope of persuading the Caliph himself to approve

approve it.—What confirms me in the opinion is this; the Caliph has, for some months past, wished the prince to marry, and had made a choice which might prove advantageous to the state; but the Princess and Almanzor, under various pretences rather specious than solid, have dissuaded him from it; alledging, among other reasons, the extreme youth of Wáthek.

Na. How great will the Caliph's resentment be, when he discovers this criminal intrigue!—Do not delay to open his eyes; it is your most important duty.

Wi. I will discharge it—and I think Almanzor cannot escape the dexterous snare I have spread for him.—This morning I besought the Caliph to demand Zulica for my son; and if Almanzor refuses, as I doubt not but he will, he is ruined—

Na. Come to my arms, dear Vizier! you transport me with admiration—yes, I am less animated by my hatred towards Almanzor, than by the joy I feel in anticipating that important service which you will render to your country, by overthrowing the audacious projects of an ambitious hypocrite, who is, I am certain, capable of any thing. At length, we shall view the fall of this pretended philosopher, this lofty man, who seems to treat conspiracies and hatred only with indifference and scorn: at length, he will lose that unjust superiority which he has hitherto maintained over us. How captivating was his false moderation!—Our ears will no longer be wearied with the irksome repetition of his eulogy!—By the hypocrisy of his conduct, he has, for fifteen years, compelled his very enemies to praise him, or be silent; but thanks to your zeal, to your genius, we are going to be revenged.

Vi. True, we are ; but let us conduct ourselves with prudence, and conceal our just resentment by dissimulation. Obliged, for some time passed, to yield to the torrent, and above all, to the Caliph's will, I have been, in appearance, reconciled to Almanzor ; let us preserve the illusion : I could wish you, this very day, to have an interview with Jaffier, Almanzor's bosom friend ; that gloomy misanthropist, that censorious man, who only lives at court to scorn its honours, to exclaim against its manners and its customs, and who wears the mask of virtue merely that he may have a right to censure others. See him, converse with him, and try to persuade him that I really am desirous of Almanzor's friendship.

Na. I have little hope from such an interview ; Jaffier is so suspicious, so full of pride and contempt for us !—He has all the savage austerity of Almanzor, without his address, good-breeding, and affected sweetness.—In short, Jaffier's ill-manners and bluntness are so disgusting—

Vi. Hush—I hear a noise ; and, unquestionably, it is the Prince returned from hunting : come, let us go and meet him.

Na. Here he is.

S C E N E II.

THE VIZIER, NASSER, WATHEK, ALMANZOR, OSMIN, JAFFIER.

Wa. I THOUGHT to have found my father here.

Vi. He will soon come, Signor ; and has ordered me to desire that you will wait for him.

Of.

Os. (*To the Vizier.*) Oh, sir, if you knew what an action the Prince did, during our hunt this morning—

Pi. Something beneficent, no doubt?

Os. Oh, it is a charming story.—With the Prince's leave, Almanzor can give you the particulars—

Al. Most willingly. Well, then, the Prince, notwithstanding my entreaties, took the lead, and left us at a considerable distance—

Pi. He has such ardour!—

Na. And it so well becomes him!—

Os. He rides so bold!—

Ja. (*Aside.*) Hum.—Mean flatterers!

Os. Nobody can keep up with him—

Al. True; he does not know how to manage his horse, which always runs away with him; and therefore, he goes faster than any of us.

Pi. Oh, the joke is delightful!

Wa. No, Almanzor does not joke; he tells me truth; and, what is better still, has taught me to hear it with pleasure.

Al. To return to the story. The Prince, met with an old man*, whose little cart was over-

* This anecdote is wholly taken from the History of the Arabs, and happened to Wathek's father, the Caliph Mutassem, in his early youth. See *l'Histoire des Arabes*, by M. l'Abbé de Marigny.

The story is related thus, in *The Modern Universal History*: "*Mutassem*, being one day separated from his companions in the country, met with an old man standing by his ass, which had fallen down upon the ground in a very dirty place, with a load of thorns upon his back. This sight so affected the *Khalif*, that he immediately alighted from his horse, in order to assist the old man, and raise up his beast; which having done, though he spoiled his cloaths by this generous action, he rejoined his retinue, and afterwards made him a present of 4000 *dinars*." T.

turned

turned in a ditch, and the poor peasant vainly strove to draw it out—

Wd. Add that this good old man had the most interesting and venerable appearance; fine silver locks covered his aged shoulders; his face was bathed in sweat; while leaning against a tree, and overcome by grief and fatigue, he raised his overflowing eyes, and trembling hands towards heaven.—In this affecting situation I found him—Poor, good man! methinks I see him still.

Al. You may guess what followed: the prince alighted from his horse, lent a helping hand to the old man, drew the cart out of the ditch, and then gave his purse to the peasant, who, transported with joy and gratitude, was in tears, thanking and blessing his benefactor, when we arrived on the spot where this scene passed. The old man, on discovering the young charitable stranger to be the son of his sovereign, stood motionless for an instant; then clasping his hands together, and raising them towards heaven, he exclaimed; “Oh, God, for his reward, preserve in him this compassionate and generous heart!”

Ja. That is indeed the best wish which gratitude and virtue can bestow upon a prince.—It is more valuable than the most pompous panegyrics of all the courtiers in the universe!

Wd. Yes, Jaffier, I feel its value in the full extent; the good man’s prayer will be granted; yes, I am certain that my heart will always remain the same.

Vi. I never heard so affecting a story: this Signor, is the fruit of Almanzor’s lessons.

Al. What the prince has done is so common, so natural, that I can take no merit to myself in consequence.

Ja. True, Almanzor; it certainly is natural to assist an unfortunate old man reduced to despair, who may, with such ease, be rendered happy; but, nevertheless, you must expect to-morrow, to see verses and poems in praise of this same action which you think so common.

Vi. Enthusiasm inspired by beneficence, is always excusable.

Ja. No, nothing can excuse exaggeration; nay more, it is injurious to the person who excites it. What means the praise we lavish on a common action, save this; that we are surprized, confounded, to find the object of our panegyrick capable of any thing so good? and that we were very far from expecting in him, even a single *trait* of humanity?

Na. (*Aside.*) Odious misanthropist!

Vi. Well, I confess the Prince's action seems to me praise-worthy.

Wa. No, Jaffier is right; I have only fulfilled an indispensable duty, the proof whereof is this; if I had acted otherwise, Almanzor would undoubtedly have blamed me.

Al. True, Signor; but, nevertheless, at your age, when virtue and good principles cannot be come to perfection, there is some merit in a bare discharge of our duty; and what makes you more commendable on this occasion is your passion for hunting, and your ardour in that pursuit, which you sacrificed, without hesitation, to the pleasure of assisting a poor old man.

Na. Certainly the Prince's passion for hunting stamps infinite value on this sacrifice.

Ja. So then, it was perfectly natural, that *the passion for hunting* should be stronger than compassion and humanity; and that the desire of killing

ing an innocent animal should overcome that of assisting an unfortunate old man?

Al. Jaffier, you always forget that the Prince is not sixteen; this circumstance, I think, places reason on our side.

Ja. Come, as you embrace the opinion of others, I ought to yield.—(*To Wathek.*) Well, Signor, since Almanzor himself says it, believe that you have atchieved an admirable, sublime, unparalleled action, which eclipses the united exploits of all the heroes of antiquity.—What do you find risible in this discourse, Almanzor? is it not conformable to yours?—Shall I alone have the misfortune of appearing ridiculous by being a flatterer?

Al. You joke, and we laugh; we cannot answer you better.

Ja. I joke!—I joke, indeed!—You very well know that I never joke.—My temper is not *joocular*—and every thing I see, every thing I hear, is far from inspiring me with mirth; however, I do not wish to interrupt yours; divert yourselves without constraint, I leave the coast clear.

[*He goes out hastily.*]

SCENE III.

WATHEK, ALMANZOR, THE VIZIER,
OSMIN, NASSER.

Al. THIS corresponds with his usual bluntness.

Vi. He makes amends by so many valuable qualities!—

Wa.

Wā. His ill-humour only proceeds from his sincerity.

Al. We should be sincere without bluntness, Signor; for it is absurd to think the possession of one virtue can authorize us to encourage a fault which is not to be tolerated in society: nay, the most virtuous man is, generally speaking, the most indulgent, gentle, and moderate; he is no vaunter, no declaimer, and loves truth too well not to place it in an amiable light, if possible; nor will he, unless compelled by necessity, run the risque of making it hateful by a harsh and displeasing austereness.

Wā. Yes, this is the picture of real virtue; for it is Almanzor's likeness.

Al. However, Signor, you may rest assured that Jaffier, notwithstanding his continual invectives and want of indulgence, possesses the most rare and brilliant qualities. In general, distrust the probity of intolerant persons; but do not think it impossible to meet with virtuous characters among them: if we admitted of no exceptions to the rules whereby we judge mankind, we should become unjust, and abandon ourselves to all the errors of prejudice and infatuation.

Vi. These are precepts equally worthy of him who gives, and him who receives them.—But I will go and enquire whether the Caliph is apprized of the Prince's return: come Osmin; come Nasser.

Na. We will follow you.

[*The Vizier, Osmin, and Nasser, go out.*]

SCENE

S C E N E IV.

ALMANZOR, WATHEK.

Al. (*After a short silence.*) SIGNOR, you are thoughtful?

W^a. True—I was making melancholy reflexions.

Al. On what subject?

W^a. On flattery; by which I often find myself deceived, though I hate it—and but for you, Almanzor, how frequently should I have been its dupe!

Al. Continue to hate, and you will have no cause to fear it; for then, it never will seduce you.

W^a. But when flattery assumes the tone of friendship, it is so persuasive, so dangerous—

Al. A certain way of avoiding all its snares is to learn to know ourselves, to reflect upon our faults, to examine our actions, in short, to judge ourselves with severity; and if the praises we receive exceed what we think our due, we may be well assured they were dictated by flattery.—But I repeat it, if you would render such means effectual, you must be a careful examiner, and a rigorous judge of your own conduct. Another way of disconcerting flattery is by appearing callous to its power, and by listening to its voice with indifference. Happy is the monarch who can awe flattery into silence! your august father offers you an example of this: no man presumes to offend his ears with open panegyrics; and even the

the most hardy courtier, would want boldness to flatter him in direct terms.

Wā. Yes, I perceive it ; they are reduced to use indirect methods : I saw one of them, the other day, (it was Nasser) making his eulogy at four paces distance from my father, who, no sooner turned about than Nasser appeared surprized and embarrassed ; but this was a mere feint, he had spoken to be heard : I watched him narrowly ; you have taught me all the little stratagems of courtiers.—I am no longer deceived by the praise bestowed on my father ; and still, I am not always proof against that which is addressed to myself—this is extraordinary.—Osmin, for example, Osmin, though but eighteen, already knows how to flatter, and with such art !—He seems to love me, is about my own age, and if you had not cautioned me, I should have thought him sincere.—He cannot love, because he would mislead me. What, must a prince renounce the joys of friendship ?

Al. When princes disdain flattery, and appear to cherish truth ; when they do not reward intrigue and assiduity, but talents and merit, they will find sincere and virtuous friends.

Wā. But you know how much I loved Jaffier's son ; I distinguished him from all who approached me ; you are fond of him, were his tutor, and brought him up with me : I liked his disposition, thought his person agreeable, and gave him all my confidence ; still, I am certain he had not a perfect friendship for me ; I easily perceived that he did not experience the pleasure, the delight in my society, which I felt in his ; he frequently was thoughtful and absent.

Al. Perhaps he had some hidden cause—

Wā.

Wá. But why did he conceal that from me?

Al. Unquestionably it was your own fault.—Princes, in general, consider those whom they honour with the name of friends, merely as confidants; and think no secrets of importance but their own; the little concerns which interest us are, in their idea, too trifling to merit any great attention: in short, the pleasure they derive from speaking of themselves alone engrosses them; they do not hesitate to confide in others, but would soon be wearied by the secrets reposed in them; at least they have no desire for such a species of regard, therefore do not inspire it, and consequently, are only beloved by halves; for friendship cannot subsist without a mutual and unbounded confidence.

Wá. I am sensible of it; but, nevertheless, I do not think Nadir has any reason to charge me with that fault; when I saw he was thoughtful, I interrogated him, asked if he did not wish for something, and whether I could render him any service; nor would I quit the subject till he assured me he had no request to make.

Al. What, must we have a favour to solicit of our friend, in order to procure attention?—How could you, who possess feeling and delicacy of mind, only desire a species of confidence so selfish? Were you ignorant that the purest consolation friendship can receive proceeds from the heart alone? and that the most certain way of lessening and alleviating the griefs intrusted to us is to share them?

Wá. Almanzor, you instruct me: nevertheless, I must acknowledge I feel a conscious shame in thinking that I wanted such a lesson; it is the first I ever received from you which has put me to

the blush.—Then, our hearts, as well as our minds, stand in need of tuition!—Ah, why have I not seen Nadir for these six months passed? Now that I am enlightened as to the duties of friendship, the hope of deserving his, makes me wish for his return more ardently than ever.—When will he come back?

Al. I know not.—But are you quite sure of always loving him?

Wa. Yes, next to you, Nadir shall be my dearest friend.

Al. I wish it, because I think him worthy of that distinction.

Wa. Can I ever cease to love the friend whom you have chosen for me?

Al. Love him, Signor, so long as he prefers your glory to your favour, so long as he is sincere and disinterested; but, if he ceases to be moderate in his desires, if he becomes intriguing, if he takes indirect methods to tell you beneficial truths, discard him without hesitation; for then, he will no longer be the friend whom Almanzor has chosen for you. If he retains your favour, various attempts will undoubtedly be made to effect his ruin; acquaint him with every thing of which he is accused; do not judge without hearing him; and, above all, distrust the informer who demands secrecy, and is fearful of being named to the person he calumniates.—But while we are alone, Signor, I wish to give you my advice on another subject: I have observed that Osmin frequently presumes to indulge his scoffing sneering temper, even before you—

Wa. Though I sometimes listen to his drollery, still, I never bear a part in it.

Al.

Al. This is not sufficient; you should forbid it. The objects of Osmin's ridicule, seeing that you are amused by the absurd light in which he places them, must think you countenance the servile courtier who tries to curry favour by such despicable means. To deride others is wrong in any one, but cruel in a prince: consider, Signor, you pierce the very soul of the man you ridicule; true, indeed, you only attack him with raillery; still, can he retort? and if he had that assurance, would it be tolerated by you? consequently then, he is defenceless, and you oppress him; yet give to this barbarous injustice the name of drollery, of mirth! Ah, Signor, when princes abuse the privileges of their rank, they debase themselves and lose their dignity! Grandeur, without liberality, only obtains empty and exterior homage; nor does it ever meet with that which alone is desirable, the homage of affection.

Wâ. A prince's real happiness consists in being beloved; and I swear to you, Almanzor, it is my chief ambition.

Al. Then consider, Signor, whether you ought to rely upon Osmin's attachment, since, to divert you for a few short moments, he runs the risque of making you detested!

Wâ. (*Sighing.*) To divert me!—it would be difficult to divert me!—for a long time passed, especially these three months—

Al. How, Signor?

Wâ. Nothing amuses me, nothing diverts me—

Al. Hah!—why so?

Wâ. You know the reason, I am sure you do.

Al.

Al. Signor, I would rather be indebted to your confidence than to my own penetration, for the knowledge of your secrets.

Wa. Oh, you must have seen into my heart!—and, if you approve its sentiments, will spare me a confession at which I dare not venture.—You make no answer—

Al. I have no answer to make.

Wa. Well, let us drop the subject.

[*He falls into a reverie.*]

Al. If you desire advice, I am ready to give it—but, if you hope for a slothful indulgence, really, Signor, you had better remain silent.

Wa. Why so much rigour? Is it a crime to possess sensibility?

Al. It is a great crime to forget reason and propriety, and a still greater to let our passions gain the dominion over us.—But the gates open; it is the Caliph.

Wa. Almanzor, dear Almanzor, how you afflict me!—

Al. Signor, the Caliph advances.

SCENE V.

THE CALIPH, WATHEK, ALMANZOR.

Cal. (*To his attendants.*) LEAVE us.—Almanzor, I wish to speak with you; I have a proposal to make, which, I hope, you will not think disagreeable.

Al. On what subject, Signor?

Cal. I believe your reconciliation with the Vizier to be sincere.

Al. Yes, Signor, I can answer for it on my part.

Cal. He has given me a proof that it is so on his : he demands Zulica's hand for his son.

Wá. (Aside.) Oh, heaven !

Al. Signor, Zulica is not rich enough for Ofmin ; the fortune of the Vizier's only son should make him aspire to a more advantageous alliance.

Cal. But is not Zulica the daughter of my friend ?—and may you not be certain of my giving her a fortune adequate to that of the husband you shall choose for her ?

Al. My fortune, Signor, equals my wishes ; it is affluent, and I am happy.

Cal. However, the Vizier asks you for Zulica ; he does more, he desires you will keep the portion destined for her ; he only wishes to form a tie which may for ever re-unite you.

Al. Signor, I cannot give him my daughter.

Wá. (Aside.) Ah, I revive !

Cal. I have always declared that I would leave you at liberty to dispose of her, even without my consent ; therefore, I shall not insist : still, I must own, your refusal surprises me.

Wá. But perhaps, Signor, Ofmin's person does not please Almanzor ; besides, Ofmin has faults which may disgust him ; he is prone to flattery and dissimulation—

Al. He is but eighteen, and may reform ; I have no aversion to Ofmin.

Wá. But, Almanzor—perhaps you know that he would not be agreeable to Zulica.

Al. Zulica never can have any will but mine. *(To the Caiaph.)* Signor, you deigned to promise that you would leave me sole master of
my

my daughter's fate; it is the only favour I have presumed to solicit; permit me to remind you of this—

Cal. Enough; let us think no more about it. I will not even ask the motives for your refusal; but I repeat to you, that I am greatly surprized.—Neither did I suppose my son was so averse from Osmin.

Wâ. I, Signor! I do not hate him; but I know him, and—

Cal. Let us change the subject. I am told, son, that you have some favours to ask of me—

Wâ. Yes, Signor; for Omar and Hadi.

Cal. Are you much acquainted with these men? do you like them?

Wâ. No, Signor; but they often follow me to the chase; and have, for the last three months, so earnestly besought me to speak to you in their favour, that by way of getting rid of them—

Al. Thus, Signor, you grant to indiscretion and importunity, what you would have refused, no doubt, to modest unassuming merit.

Cal. And because Omar and Hadi tease you, must I reward them?—Another time I would have you learn two things before you apply to me; namely, whether the favour for which you are solicited may not, if granted, occasion some injustice, and whether he who makes the request be worthy of obtaining it.—But I hear somebody, and doubtless it is the Vizier: Almanzor, I am going to acquaint him with your determination; retire.

Wâ. (*Aside, in going.*) Oh, Zulica! for what happy mortal are you destined?

(*Wâibek and Almanzor go out.*)

S C E N E VI.

THE CALIPH, *alone.*

WHAT means Almanzor's refusal, and the interest which my son seems to take in it?—They both coloured; Wáthek especially was not himself—and Almanzor, but yesterday, strongly dissuaded me from marrying my son.—A thousand confused suspicions involuntarily present themselves to my imagination.—How! can I suspect Almanzor?—I dread lest I should be deficient in prudence, or injurious to friendship.—No, I cannot suspect Almanzor. What man could venture to rely upon a Prince's confidence, if fifteen years of faithful services are unable to obtain it?—Ah, is it not better to run the risk of being credulous, than ungrateful?

S C E N E VII.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER.

Vi. (Stopping, and speaking aside.) HE seems thoughtful and uneasy.—Almanzor has refused—

Cal. Approach, Vizier, approach.

Vi. Signor, may I presume to ask Almanzor's answer?

Cal. He is sensible of this proof of your esteem; but has undoubtedly made other engagements—he cannot give you his daughter.

Vi.

Vi. What do I hear!—My surprize is great indeed!—For whom, then, does he reserve Zulica?—Ah, can it be?

Cal. How! what would you say?

Vi. Signor, permit me to be silent; this word was spoken inadvertently.—I perceive that Almanzor is still my foe, but I am no longer his. You, Signor, have required, and, I believe, proved my sincerity.

Cal. But what did you intimate just now?

Vi. Intimate!—Ah, Signor, do not suspect me of so criminal an artifice! I flattered myself that my candour was better known to you. When I disliked Almanzor, I made no secret of it: recollect, Signor, I boldly conversed with you in the most open manner, respecting his injuries and my resentment.

Cal. I remember that; but do you think it an infallible proof of candour to defame an enemy?

Vi. The designing man knows how to conceal the excess of his resentment that he may the more certainly accomplish his purpose; while the artless frank-hearted man gives way to it without disguise, and would scorn a revenge that should cost him one instant of dissimulation.

Cal. But to the point; what think you of Almanzor's refusal?

Vi. It confounds me, Signor; and, in the first emotion of surprize, a folly—an extravagance, of which Almanzor's enemies dare accuse him, occurred, I own, to my imagination.

Cal. How!—What folly?—Explain yourself—but hold, I will learn no more—I am certain of Almanzor's loyalty.

Vi. And I with pleasure remain silent respecting an absurdity which only merits the most sove-

reign contempt. Almanzor disdains my offers and refuses my son ; but whatsoever his behaviour may be towards me, I cannot think that your kindness has rendered him the most rash and infatuated of men. I always believed he was not devoid of ambition ; but he possesses too much good sense and experience to form projects absolutely chimerical. Allow me, Signor, to change the subject. An infamous libel against your sacred person has, for some days passed, been publicly circulated ; I am likewise treated with indignity ; but that is not the part which affects me.

Cal. I am libelled, do you say ?

Vi. Yes, Signor, in the most scurrilous terms.

Cal. Have you got the libel ?

Vi. Yes, Signor ; here it is.

Cal. Let me see it : hatred, sometimes, may give useful advice. [*He reads to himself.*]

Vi. I know the name of the criminal author of these verses ; the person employed to transcribe them betrayed it, and either from remorse, or the hope of a reward, was induced to bring me the original, written in the author's own hand.

Cal. (*After having read it.*) * Indeed, this libel is very severe against both of us ; I am affronted as much as you are ; and I desire you will partake with me the merit of that pardon which I grant to the offender.

Vi. Signor !—

Cal. Since you can trace the source of this vile calumny—tell me who the author is ; I would have him know that I am not ignorant of his

* This answer is taken almost word for word from History ; and was made, on a similar occasion, by Agis, the Caliph of Egypt, to his Vizier.

name; this is the only revenge I can permit myself to take.

Vi. But may not such excessive clemency prove dangerous? A private man should never be insensible to calumny; he should prosecute the calumniator: why then ought a sovereign to have more generosity?

Cal. A private man prosecutes the calumniator that he may oblige him to recant; he has recourse to the laws, not for the sake of revenge, but in order to justify himself.—A sovereign is above all reparation, and should therefore be superiour to the offence—besides, if he is insulted, his fame cannot be tarnished—and oh! does it not particularly behove him, who can transgress with impunity, to learn the virtue of forgiveness?—What, should the dark abuse of a madman inflame his anger?—How noble, how pleasing it is, to confound hatred by clemency and greatness of soul! and to convert the audacity and rage of an impotent enemy, into remorse and admiration!—* Did offenders know how much I love to pardon, perhaps they might be induced, by repentance and affection, to tell me all their faults without a pause!

Vi. Doubtless, Signor, you will be much surprized to hear the name of this infamous libeller.

* This last *trait* is taken from History. The Caliph Al Mamûn, elder brother to Al Môtasem, uttered these glorious words, after having pardoned his uncle for conspiring against his life.

The saying is thus recorded in *The Modern Universal History*. “If men knew what an excess of clemency there is in me, I should be perpetually visited by the most notorious offenders.” These words are with great propriety put into the mouth of Al Môtasem, who was a prince as remarkable for his clemency as Al Mamûn. T.

Cal. Who is he?

Vi. A man on whom you condescended to bestow an important favour within these few days—in short, Boulaski—

Cal. Boulaski?

Vi. Yes, Signor, Boulaski himself. I pity Almanzor; for, notwithstanding he is related to Boulaski, he will certainly be much grieved at having solicited your goodness in his favour.

Cal. You are mistaken; Almanzor has not solicited me on Boulaski's account.

Vi. How, Signor!—

Cal. The Vizier whom you succeeded was Boulaski's enemy: he injured him in my opinion, deceived me, and betrayed me into an act of injustice: this is the sort of crime a Prince can never pardon, a crime which demands the most rigorous punishment. But to proceed, I stripped Boulaski of his places, and refused to hear his defence; he withdrew from court, leaving his cause in the hands of Almanzor; nor did he, for a considerable time, abandon the hope of being recalled. Fruitless were Almanzor's wishes to plead in his behalf; he could obtain no explanation from me, and innocence was oppressed for three years—but truth, which even in a court is sooner or later discovered, at length enlightened and abashed me: you know the rest; I recalled Boulaski; I loaded him with favours; and it is believed he owes them merely to Almanzor's interest; whereas they entirely result from the reproof of my conscience.

Vi. (*Aside.*) I did not foresee this!

Cal. At last, being soured by misfortunes and oppression, Boulaski thought to revenge himself by calumniating me: how much should this circumstance

cumstance augment my remorse ! He was virtuous, and I have made him guilty ! the only wicked act with which his life is sullied proceeds from my injustice.—How long have these verses been circulated publickly ?

Vi. Only a few days before Boulaski's re-instatement.

Cal. Unhappy wretch ! what confusion must he have felt on receiving my gifts, and discovering my concern at having oppressed him !

Vi. But do you purpose to retain him in his places, Signor ?

Cal. No, as the author of an anonymous libel, he is unworthy of holding any place ; he has committed an atrocious, a cowardly offence, and, henceforward, cannot be intrusted with any part of the administration : but I was unjust, and ought to make atonement ; therefore, let him enjoy freedom, let him be assured of my pardon and pity, and of the regret I feel at being unable to offer any compensation, but with money, for the wrongs I have done him. I know his hand ; bring me, in the evening, the original of these verses written by himself, and I will then give you my final orders on this subject.

[*He goes out.*]

S C E N E VIII.

THE VIZIER, *alone.*

ALMANZOR had no share in restoring Boulaski to favour !—who could have thought it !—But still, he has rejected Osmin ; let us doubt no

E 5

longer ;

longer; Zulica is reserved for Wathek's love.—
 I saw the Caliph was astonished and disturbed;
 this is the moment to open his eyes entirely.
 Come, I will go in quest of Nasser and my son,
 that I may concert with them the proper means
 to precipitate this haughty favourite's down-
 fall.

[He goes out.]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E the First.

ALMANZOR, JAFFIER.

Ja. YES, I am certain of it; a fresh intrigue is plotting against you. Nasser courts me, flatters me, tells me of the Vizier's real friendship for you; and all this, as you will find, is done to hide some treachery.

Al. Well, let us wait till time discovers it; I will not add the grief of anticipation to that of being destined for its victim.

Ja. This is according to your usual prudence; you take yourself for a philosopher, and are only the most indolent of men.

I J. Al. You look on the dark side of every thing, and perpetually suspect ambushes, snares, and con-
spiracies;

spiracies ; nevertheless, you know how frequently you have been deceived by forming such conjectures ; but nothing reclaims you.

Ja. Mighty well ! The Vizier is delighted to see you so high in favour, he is charmed by your refusal of his son ; all the courtiers love you, nobody envies you.—Oh, pray, have it so ! my fears are totally devoid of common sense.

Al. That I have enemies I know full well ; but I neither think they are so wicked, nor so formidable, as you represent them. It seems, from your discourse, that they feel no sentiment but the hatred with which I inspire them, and have no pursuit, no employment, but that of endeavouring to injure me. I only perceive folly and exaggeration in such ideas.

Ja. The Vizier, then, is not a wicked man—a man capable of any thing ?

Al. No—

Ja. No ?

Al. He is jealous and distrustful, but not decisively wicked ; nay, he even possesses some great qualities ; he has talents and genius, he fulfils the duties of his office with distinction ; in short, he is a good servant to the Caliph.

Ja. And can you think he does not detest you ?

Al. But why does he detest me ? because he is not aware of my character ? He reasons and judges like a courtier ; he only sees in me an ambitious hypocrite : then why should his hatred inſense me, since it would be well founded, were I what he supposes ?

Ja. And you imagine he would do you justice if he really knew you ?

Al. Yes, because he then would cease to fear me.

Ja. So virtue never will excite envy?

Al. When virtue is modest and indulgent, when we believe her to be devoid of pride and ambition, we cannot fail, at last, to pardon the glory she acquires.

Ja. Yet, in the mean while, your character is mistaken; you are disliked, calumniated, and this for ten years successively.

Al. I grant that in courts a virtuous man obtains from time alone, the justice due to his merit; but he must at length destroy prejudice and confound imposture; and, surely, a triumph is only more pleasing, more sensibly felt, for having been long expected.

Ja. Never, never do we triumph over the hatred of bad men; and it is with sorrow I foresee that you will one day fall a victim to your own security and the wickedness of the courtiers.

Al. *Wickedness!*—What an expression!

Ja. Yes, I'll maintain it, they are all wicked, depraved—

Al. Generally speaking, they certainly are characterized by great faults; but may not much be urged in their excuse?—The dissipated life of a courtier scarcely allows him time for reflexion; and reflexion alone can ensure our principles and virtue. Besides, is not a man in office exposed to every species of seduction? He must at once satisfy the avidity of his relations, friends, and creatures: that venal throng, by whom he is continually surrounded, are eager to corrupt his mind with the meanest flattery; from them he never receives one piece of disinterested advice; they only fill his ears with schemes of preferment, and endeavour

your to direct his wishes towards nothing but the accumulation of wealth and honours; while they all are particularly anxious to make him hate their own private enemies. This unhappy man never hears a minister applauded, but for pomp, grandeur, and favours profusely lavished on his followers; nobody has sufficient greatness of mind to tell him that the only mark of real grandeur, in those who fill an elevated post, is moderation, and the only desirable fame, publick esteem. In short, he is exposed to more dangers than his sovereign, having, like him, all the snares of flattery to dread, joined with temptations to which a monarch is superiour, those accruing from the thirst of wealth and honours; nor can he feel (especially in the beginning of his administration) that love for the people, that paternal tenderness, which operates so powerfully in the mind of a good prince. Still, notwithstanding these numerous dangers, and notwithstanding what you have told me, Jaffier, I must say that during a ten years residence at court, I have never seen one favourite who could, with propriety, be called a wicked man. I have met with abundance of unjust and inconsistent things; but they, for the most part, originated more from blindness and imbecillity, than from wickedness: in a word, I have been a witness to noble actions, to generous behaviour, and never to one atrocious deed.

Jaf. Yes, courtiers will in the morning, do a noble action; and in the evening a base one; their notions are neither consistent nor connected.

Al. That they are not philosophers, I allow; but every man who neglects to study and reform his own mind, and who does not prescribe to himself

himself an invariable plan of conduct, will be weak and inconsistent. If you and I had not spent a portion of our lives in solitude and meditation, do you think, Jaffier, that we should have been what we are? Certainly not. Then let us excuse the faults of those, who, in their early youth, were hurled into the vortex of a court, and consequently, prevented from making those reflexions to which we owe the solidity of our principles. Perhaps we even ought to be surprized that they retain so many virtues!—However, I am persuaded there are some superiour minds, who, without the aid of education, and in spite of bad examples, can exalt themselves above every thing which surrounds them: and doubt not, Jaffier, but there may be found among these courtiers, these objects of your scorn, some truly respectable persons, whose virtues claim a higher degree of admiration because they entirely proceed from inherent goodness.

Ja. You will at least allow that virtue rarely shews herself in courts; and, when she does appear, is encompassed by snares, beset by dangers. Nevertheless, in this accursed place you have consented to educate the young Prince.

Al. What, would you have wished me to educate in a desert, him who must one day direct and govern men; and therefore, can have no study so important as that of human nature?..

Ja. Had I been in your place, I would not have undertaken the charge of his education, without first obtaining leave to breed him up far from the haunts of flattery and intrigue.

Al. But should I not have been obliged, in solitude, to forewarn him of all the dangers which are to be met with here? and what recital is equivalent

valent to one observation? The prince who has an attentive, watchful, virtuous governor, will receive a better education at court than in any other place. At court only, he may be taught to see through all the stratagems of courtiers, whose little artifices are so easily detected; at court only, he can be taught never to become their dupe; and at court vice may be shewn him in such glaring colours that he will learn to detest it, and love still more, by the power of contrast, that virtue, of which he receives an example.

Ja. You have discharged your duty as well as you could do here, I allow that; but your work is still imperfect, and will you be suffered to complete it?

Al. What can prevent me?—When I cease to be the Prince's governor, I shall not cease to be his friend; he will always consult me, I shall give him counsel, and ever maintain that empire over his heart which ensures esteem, confidence, and gratitude.

Ja. How, Almanzor! then do you never mean to leave the court? What, can you bid an eternal adieu to quiet? that precious recompence of human labours, that good which has frequently been preferred to glory itself, and is the ultimate desire of the wise? After having dedicated fifteen years to the service of our country, is it not reasonable, at last, to live for ourselves, and breaking the honourable, but heavy chains, which we so long have worn, endeavour to find in solitude the only real earthly blessings, peace and liberty?

Al. How, Jaffier! should I value quiet above the happiness of being useful to mankind? and with power to serve my country till I sink into the

the grave, should I meanly abandon its concerns? Oh, no! the sacred debt, which, at my birth, I contracted with it, can never be discharged but by devoting my whole life to its service. Here I am placed by heaven, which, even here, has deigned to preserve my mind unsullied; and here, doubtless, it is my duty to remain. Does not Providence, by bestowing on a man of virtue and integrity the friendship of his sovereign, seem to enjoin him, so long as he has existence, to cultivate that friendship for his own glory and the felicity of mankind? Can ten years spent in the most delightful tranquillity, be equivalent to the heart-felt satisfaction which results from opposing or preventing one act of injustice? Oh, Jaffier, to an elevated feeling soul, how important, how glorious is the post which I fill! What an exalted employment is that of forming the principles and character of a prince who must, one day, hold the reigns of empire! Every just idea which I communicate to my pupil, every virtue I imprint on his youthful mind, are so many blessings diffused over my country, which must reap the delicious fruits of my cares and assiduities. What transport shall I experience, if, in my old age, I can say, "Wathek is good and equitable; he constitutes the happiness of his people; and his successes, glory, and virtues, are my work!"

Ja. Well, my dear Almanzor, for the sake of this beloved country, dread lest envy should find means to wrest away the favour and reputation which you now enjoy: do not despise my advice; and be assured that some foul conspiracy is plotting against you.

Al. When certain of being always able to justify myself, what have I to fear from any accusation?

Ja.

Ja. Still, be a little more prudent, at least : why, for instance, do you suffer Osmin to have private conversations with the young prince ? Osmin is the Vizier's son, and the man to whom you have just refused Zulica ; he will make every possible attempt to injure you in Wáthek's opinion.

Al. The endeavour would be fruitless.—Wáthek's heart cannot be alienated from me. I think with you, that Osmin, tutored by his father, is entering into some intrigue with the prince ; I saw he wished to speak with him alone—

Ja. And you have left them together !

Al. Yes, in order to unravel this mystery ; for Wáthek will certainly acquaint me with it.

Ja. Almanzor, you depend too much upon your own virtue ; this profound security will prove your ruin.

Al. No, an honest man must never combat intrigue with its own weapons ; and, after all, if my ruin is effected, I still shall derive consolation from reflecting on the good which I have done ; I still shall enjoy the testimony of a self-approving conscience ; and, with recompences such as these, no disgrace is overwhelming, no exile severe.—But somebody comes this way ; it is the Prince.

Ja. Look, Osmin still accompanies him.

Al. Let us retire, and give him time to explain himself fully.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

WATHEK, ALMANZOR, OSMIN,
JAFFIER.

Wâ. (*Stopping Almanzor.*) ALMANZOR, why do you leave us?

Al. Signor, I have observed that Osmín, ever since the morning, has been anxious to converse with you in private; and I wish to give him the opportunity.

Wâ. Whither are you going?

Al. Into the great gallery, Signor.

Wâ. I will join you presently.

[*Almanzor and Jaffier go out.*]

S C E N E III.

WATHEK, OSMIN.

O. YES, Signor, I dare aver that my father demanded Zulica, without my knowledge; when he told me of Almanzor's refusal, I concluded that Zulica was reserved for you, and, knowing the excess of your passion, I disclosed the secret, thinking to forward the accomplishment of your wishes by so doing. My father is in your interest, Signor, and will employ all his power over the Caliph's mind in favour of your love: therefore you may indulge justly-founded hopes: then why this gloomy sorrowful appearance?

Wâ. Because the confidence you have obtained was not quite a voluntary grant. Yesterday, you extorted

extorted from me the secret of my love for Zulica; and to-day, thinking you my rival, and believing you to be guilty of the basest treachery, I was induced, by resentment and rage, to desire an explanation; you have satisfied me, your innocence is evident; I have confessed my injustice, and am particularly sorry that I accused you, in my father's presence, of dissimulation: the injury you received from me gives you an especial right to my friendship; but, nevertheless, it is against my will that you know all my secrets; and, I must say, I feel some remorse at having intrusted you with what I dare not avow to Almanzor. He alone, is entitled to my unbounded confidence, since he alone can instruct and guide me.

Of. This delicacy, Signor, is worthy of you; but you need not reproach yourself, for be assured Almanzor has read your heart.

Wa. I am of that opinion—and do you think it possible for him to favour my attachment?

Of. Does not his conduct prove it?

Wa. True.—With what steadiness he rejected the Vizier's offer, notwithstanding my father's evident dissatisfaction; nay, he gave no reason for so extraordinary a refusal!—I even recollect that his manner was constrained and embarrassed.—Oh, Zulica, were it possible!—Alas, the idea, the cruel anticipation of what I should suffer if awakened from so sweet a dream, banishes all the allurements of hope! Oh, I must see Almanzor and consult him!

Of. Take care how you do that, Signor, lest you irretrievably lose Zulica.

Wa. Why so?

Of. Almanzor cannot take an active part in your favour, but he has done enough to prove his

his approbation of your sentiments; Zulica's father secretly encourages what the Prince's governor must condemn; and Almanzor, avoids being your confidant, because he would, if told of your passion, find himself obliged to check it by his advice.

Wa. Otherwise, indeed, why should he always so carefully avoid speaking to me about Zulica?—Nevertheless, I cannot think Almanzor so indulgent to a weakness—and if you suspect him of ambition, Osmin, you are unjust in the extreme!

Os. I suspect Almanzor of ambition, Signor! No, I am acquainted with his character; I have so frequently heard my father extol the rigid virtue by which he is distinguished—

Wa. The Vizier! is that strictly true?

Os. Yes, Signor; he admires and loves Almanzor.

Wa. He was formerly his enemy.

Os. But this morning, Signor, he asked him for the hand of Zulica; and this evening has given me a promise to serve you.

Wa. Almanzor will not consent.

Os. Almanzor, Signor, is a philosopher, and above vulgar prejudices; he finds in Zulica every quality which can render you happy; and is desirous of making her yours, not from motives of ambition, but that he may ensure your future bliss; he does not wish to see her raised to a station so exalted because she is his daughter, but because she is the person, who, in his opinion, as well as ours, appears most worthy of the dignity.

Wa. If Almanzor does not disapprove my passion, such, unquestionably, are his motives and ideas.

ideas. Well, dear Osmin, what shall I do? What measures ought I to take?

Os. You must declare your passion to the Caliph, Signor.

Wa. To my father! I shall never summon courage—

Os. The Princess, his mother, loves Zulica; and being sure that she always must preserve the best-founded claims to her gratitude, earnestly wishes to see her your wife: now the Caliph will consult nobody except the princess and my father, therefore—

Wa. But the Vizier! is it quite certain that I may depend upon him?

Os. If you do not confide in his promise, Signor, rely upon its being his interest to serve you, and to ensure to himself, by conferring this one obligation, your favour and that of your wife, together with Almanzor's friendship.

Wa. You persuade me—but still, I cannot resolve to take so important a step without Almanzor's knowledge.

Os. Why, Signor, it is impossible for him apparently to acquiesce.

Wa. If I enrage my father against him—

Os. Were you to act in concert with Almanzor, you might indeed irritate the Caliph; but your conduct will only seem to him the natural effect of an invincible passion.

Wa. Come, it is decided; I will speak to him.

Os. You may speak with the greater confidence, Signor, because he already suspects your attachment, and discovers no surprize—

Wa. How?

Os.

Of. It was not without design that I led you hither, Signor; the Caliph will soon come—

Wā. Osmin, Osmin! in what have you engaged me?—Ah, let me consult Almanzor—

Of. Well, then, go; I will detain you no longer; perhaps, indeed, it may be wiser to renounce Zulica; and, if that is your intention, Signor, I am far from dissuading you—

Wā. Renounce her!—no, I cannot.—My father is coming! and will the Vizier be with him?

Of. Yes, Signor; I besought my father to employ his address in penetrating the Caliph's sentiments, and then to bring him hither.

Wā. Oh, heaven!

Of. In short, I have agreed with my father upon a signal by which he is to inform me of the Caliph's inclinations, that I may either encourage you to speak, or divert you from it.

Wā. And thus I am wholly delivered up to your guidance!

Of. Signor, you weep.—Well, forsake a project, which may, perhaps, be rash; and pardon the excess of a zeal, which, undoubtedly, is indiscreet.

Wā. Almanzor!—Alas, methinks I am going to betray him, and undo myself!

Of. Come, Signor, seek Almanzor—

Wā. It is too late—

Of. I hear a noise.

Wā. Hah! it is my father!

Of. Signor, on what do you resolve?

Wā. Oh, Zulica!—Osmin, I will follow your advice.

Of. Here comes the Caliph.

Wā

Wā. Osmin, observe your father attentively.

Of. Signor, I will.

SCENE IV.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER, WATHEK,
OSMIN.

Wā. (*Aside.*) I TREMBLE!

Cal. (*At the further end of the stage, aside to the Vizier.*) Yes, I will restrain myself, I promise you.

Of. (*In a low voice to the Prince.*) Signor, my father; by his signal, signifies that you may speak. Farewell; arm yourself with courage.

[*He goes out.*]

Wā. (*Aside.*) What shall I say?—How must I conduct myself?—Alas, without Almahzor, I cannot fail to act imprudently!

Cal. (*Advancing.*) Osmin has just left you, Wāthek; I know you expressed your anger against him before several persons; and since then have had a long explanation with him.

Wā. True, Signor—

Cal. And from whence does this anger against Osmin proceed?

Wā. Signor, it is dispelled, and I have seen my injustice.

Cal. But what was the occasion of it?

Vi. Speak, Signor, speak with confidence to the best of fathers.

Wā. (*Throwing himself at the Caliph's feet.*) Oh, Signor! your compassion, your indulgence I implore.—Oh, my father! it is true that I presumptuously

sumptuously have yielded to sentiments which you will certainly condemn—

Cal. You are in love with Zulica?

Wâ. Yes, Signor, I confess it.

Cal. (*Coldly.*) Rise.

Wâ. (*Aside.*) How stern he looks!

Viz. (*Aside.*) At length the blow is struck! my project has succeeded.

Cal. You are in love with Zulica!—and how long have you felt this attachment?

Vi. Probably from childhood?

Wâ. (*Aside.*) The Vizier certainly advises me to answer thus.—Alas, I can no longer tell what I ought to say!

Cal. Answer me.

Wâ. Yes, Signor—I have loved her as long as I can remember.

Vi. (*To the Caliph.*) However, Signor, Zulica, by her charms, her talents, and her virtues, justifies the prince's passion; Almanzor, it is said, took especial pains to form her temper and understanding; the Prince has found in her the same accomplishments which he himself possesses; beauty alone never could have captivated him; that triumph was reserved for the extraordinary assemblage of perfections which distinguish Zulica.

Cal. Go, Wâthek, find Almanzor, and bring him hither; I will explain my sentiments to you in his presence; but I charge you not to prepare him.

Wâ. Signor, I will obey—but can I hope for pardon?

Cal. I feel no anger, no resentment against you.

Wd. Alas, Signor!—may I presume to say it?—your anger would, perhaps, congeal me less than that over-awing and severe indifference.

Cal. No more; go.

Wd. (*Aside.*) I am lost!—Ah, my dear Almanzor, what have I done? [*He goes out.*]

SCENE V.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER.

Vi. WELL, Signor, you find I was not deceived in my conjectures.—When my son told me how the Prince had treated him in the first transports of anger, I plainly saw that love alone was the cause; and, notwithstanding my esteem for Almanzor, I perceived this love to be his work. You heard the Prince confess that he has been attached to Zulica from childhood; and Almanzor is too penetrating not to have read a youthful heart moulded by himself; he never checked this passion; but, on the contrary, seems to have strengthened it by every method he could devise: in short, he rejects my alliance with disdain, and assigns no cause for his refusal; while the Prince (who is always guided implicitly by him) acquaints you with his passion.—Can a doubt be left respecting Almanzor's daring and ambitious projects?

Cal. You need not trouble yourself to point out these circumstances, they occur spontaneously to my mind. I wait for Almanzor, nor will I judge without hearing him.

Vi.

Vi. Why, what can he urge in his justification, Signor?

Cal. However strong appearances may be, we ought to hear before we condemn: this, unquestionably, is the first duty of a man who has the power to punish. Did I not just now send for Boulaski? did I not hear him? Nevertheless, I had seen the proof of his disloyalty written by himself; but the thought that it was possible for his hand, to be forged, made me resolve to give him audience; at length, I have heard from his own lips a confession of his guilt, and my conscience is at ease.—Shall I do less for Almanzor, for the man who has been my friend ten years, when I would not, even in my own heart, rashly condemn the lowest of my subjects?

Vi. Signor, I perceive the excess of my zeal has only served to mislead me. I thought such counsels might prove useful; I have attended less to prudence than to duty.—Almanzor will disown his knowledge of the Prince's passion, and—

Cal. And you think he will not find it difficult to deceive me. You reflect upon my understanding, but you only fear the goodness of my heart. Well, I readily excuse you. However, you may calm your apprehensions; for, if Almanzor's defence rests on nothing but his pretended ignorance of my son's passion, I shall not believe him, as I am confident he is no stranger to that.

Vi. And what else can he say?

Cal. I know not; however, in one word, I wish he may defend himself.—I hear him—

Vi. Signor, am I to retire?

Cal. No, remain where you are.—It is Almanzor.—

manzor.—Oh, heaven! if I deserve a friend, grant that he may justify his conduct!

Vi. (Aside.) Spite of myself, this explanation agitates me.

Cal. Here he comes; my distress is exquisite!

S C E N E VI.

THE CALIPH, THE VIZIER, ALMANZOR, WATHEK.

Wa. (Aside.) ALAS, I scarcely breathe!

Cal. Approach, Almanzor.—Has my son spoken to you?

Al. No, Signor; but I saw in his countenance an uneasiness, the cause of which I hope you will condescend to explain.

Cal. Almanzor, can you yourself be quite exempt from uneasiness?

Al. Signor, you are agitated—the Prince trembles; indeed, I see he weeps; nor am I at a loss to conceive that some attempt has been made to injure me in your opinion, and, perhaps, I guess the whole truth.—But before I give proofs of my innocence, permit me, Signor, to remind you that Almanzor is the man whom you have honoured, for ten years, with the name of friend. Has not your exalted soul already justified me in secret?—Could you believe it possible for an ambitious hypocrite to feign disinterestedness, moderation, and sincerity, during ten years?—Believe me, Signor, I am not intimidated; and should only be surprized and afflicted, were you to think me disloyal.

Cal.

Cal. No, I do not think it; no, my dear Almanzor—nor am I afraid of confessing that although I have frequently been perplexed to-day, by a concurrence of circumstances which seemed to turn against you, still, friendship has always got the better of distrust; and at this very moment I am convinced of your innocence, and only demand an explanation that your triumph may be visible to every eye.

Vi. (Aside.) I can scarcely contain myself.

Al. Oh, my father!—

Cal. Then speak, my dear Almanzor.—Wathek is in love with Zulica, and has confessed it to me—

Al. Oh, pardon his imprudence, Signor; it does not proceed from himself: evil counsels, no doubt—

Cal. But were you ignorant of his passion?

Al. No, Signor, I have seen it from its birth.

Vi. (Aside.) What means can he now find to vindicate himself?

Cal. And you have refused Zulica to the Vizier's son—Almanzor, you may select from my court a husband for your daughter; I require her hand for him whom you think worthy of it; but I insist upon having this choice declared to-day.

Wa. (Aside.) Ah, me!

Al. Signor, I am unable to obey you.

Wa. (Aside.) What do I hear?

Vi. (In a low voice to the Caliph.) Well, Signor, does this excessive audacity open your eyes?

Cal. (After a short silence.) Yes, friendship opens them.—Almanzor has discharged his duty; Zulica is no longer free.

Al. (*Throwing himself at the Caliph's feet.*) Oh, best of princes! when all appearances condemn me, you alone can discover the truth by which I am justified!

Vi. How?

Wâ. What! Zulica—

Al. Zulica, for these two months passed, has been privately married to Nadir, Jaffier's son.

Wâ. Oh; heaven!

Cal. Dear Almanzor!

Vi. (*Aside.*) What an unexpected blow!

Cal. My son!—He turns pale, he totters—

Al. (*Supporting him.*) Ah, Signor!

Wâ. (*To Almanzor.*) Leave me, cruel man.

Al. (*To Wâthek.*) How, Signor, will you, by a disgraceful weakness, blast the hopes I had conceived from your dawning virtues?—Can the very circumstance, which justifies me, drive you to despair? Has love more influence over your heart than friendship? more power than gratitude? Yes, Signor, I will venture to say I think myself entitled to your gratitude; an unbounded attachment claims that return.

Wâ. If I can excuse myself by loving you, Almanzor, you have nothing to reproach me with.—But let my tears, at least, be allowed to flow, for I cannot restrain them.

Vi. At length, Almanzor, know your accuser: I thought you guilty, I impeached you—

Wâ. (*Aside.*) Perfidious wretch!

Al. (*To the Vizier.*) You have done your duty.

Cal. And I will do mine.—But proceed, Almanzor, and satisfy my curiosity: why did you conceal Zulica's marriage from me?

Al.

M. The Princess your mother, Signor, desired, I would spare you the vexation of knowing your son's weakness: you allowed me the absolute disposal of my daughter; I had long intended to make her Nadir's wife, and as his fortune is small, I own, I was apprehensive that your kind attention to my interest would prompt you to disapprove the alliance. I no sooner perceived the prince's error, than I sent privately for Nadir, who came, married Zulica, and then set off again without delay. From regard to the Prince, I thought it proper not to acquaint him with this union for some time: Zulica was to have joined her husband; but the illness of the Princess your mother has retarded her departure; however, the day at length was fixed; we found a pretence for her journey; and, after she had been absent a few months, I meant to declare the truth.

Cal. But, son, you told me you had loved Zulica from childhood.

M. Signor, I will no longer conceal any thing; I thought the Vizier in my interest; he exasperated you, and deceived me—

K. Signor!—

M. *(To the Vizier.)* Do not interrupt me, at least.—I only wish to make you known: I might, perhaps, have desired another species of revenge, but fear nothing; Almanzor has taught me to pardon treachery; to see me generous is the only addition which his glory can receive: be easy, that idea is all-powerful in my bosom, and will preserve me from anger and resentment.

K. *(Aside.)* This is too much—contempt, like this, cannot be endured! *[M. offers to go.]*

Cal. (To the Vizier.) Stay and hear him : afterwards you shall reply.

Alm. (Alone.) What dreadful restraint !

Wd. Deceived by an artful question of the Vizier's, which I took for advice, I told you, Signor, that I had loved Zulica from childhood ; and thus, undesignedly made Almanzor appear more culpable in your eyes : but this unhappy passion only subdued my heart three months ago ; and it was Osmin, it was the Vizier's son, who made it known to me ; but for him, perhaps, I never should have ventured upon avowing it, even to myself. Osmin incessantly extolled Zulica, talked of nothing but her charms, her virtues, and gave me to understand that he suspected my passion. At first, I heard him with indifference, then with embarrassment, which soon increased to insupportable uneasiness. He taught me that I was in love ; he did more, he compelled me to own it. Yesterday, being overcome by his importunities, I intrusted him with my unhappy secret, which he only wished to learn that he might immediately betray it. In short, Signor, it was Osmin who, to-day, urged and conjured me to acquaint you with my sentiments, at the same time persuading me to conceal this step from Almanzor, and promising that I should be supported by all the Vizier's interest. Such, Signor, is the strict truth.

Cal. I observe, son, that your weakness has chiefly originated from the insinuations of Osmin ; and thus it is that courtiers often flatter, nay, even give birth to the passions of princes, in order to become their confidants, or to ensure the success of some private intrigue.

Vi. (To the Caliph.) Signor, I plainly foresee my

my disgrace; deign to declare your will; I am prepared for my fate, and shall, at least, know how to support it with fortitude.

Al. (To the Caliph.) Ah, Signor! consider the Vizier's services; consider that his valour has, more than once, been useful to the state: he has shed his blood for you, he fills with lustre the station with which you have honoured him; and ought his private enmity against one man, to blot from your remembrance the merit of so many glorious actions?—Of what signification is it to the empire that the Vizier hates Almanzor?—Besides, was not this very hatred founded upon error? He thought me capable of mad ambition; but he will one day know, that the name of an honest man, joined to the friendship of a Prince like you, is sufficient to satisfy the ambition of an elevated mind. But my zeal transports and misleads me; it has, for an instant, made me forget that I am speaking to the most just and enlightened of sovereigns, who does not stand in need of such advice.

Cal. (To the Vizier.) Thus did Almanzor always plead in your behalf, even at the very time when you manifested all your hatred towards him! His generosity and glory sufficiently revenge him on his enemies.—Your services, Vizier, claim my gratitude; therefore, continue in your office; and, if you still desire your sovereign's friendship, imitate Almanzor: he has furnished you with an example of those virtues which may obtain it. And do you, Wathek, follow me to my mother's; shew her a degree of fortitude which she did not venture to hope for at your age, but which was nevertheless to be expected from Almanzor's cares. Come,

and behold Zulica for the last time; bid her adieu; promise to love the worthy husband she has chosen; in short, prove, by a generous command over yourself, that you will hereafter be deserving of a throne.

Wâ. Yes, Signor, you re-animate my soul!—How despicable should I appear if I wanted fortitude and generosity, when instructed by my father and Almanzor? Both excite my adoration of the virtues which they teach me!—Yes, I will see Zulica, without betraying any weakness; yes, I will love Zulica's husband!—Oh, could I envy the happiness of Nadir?—Nadir, who was so dear to me! Nadir, who always told me truth!—Let us go, Signor; I am impatient to follow you.

Cal. Come Wâthek: come, my dear Almanzor.

Wâ. (*Aside in going.*) Oh, Zulica! I will, at least, prove to you, that I was worthy of being beloved!

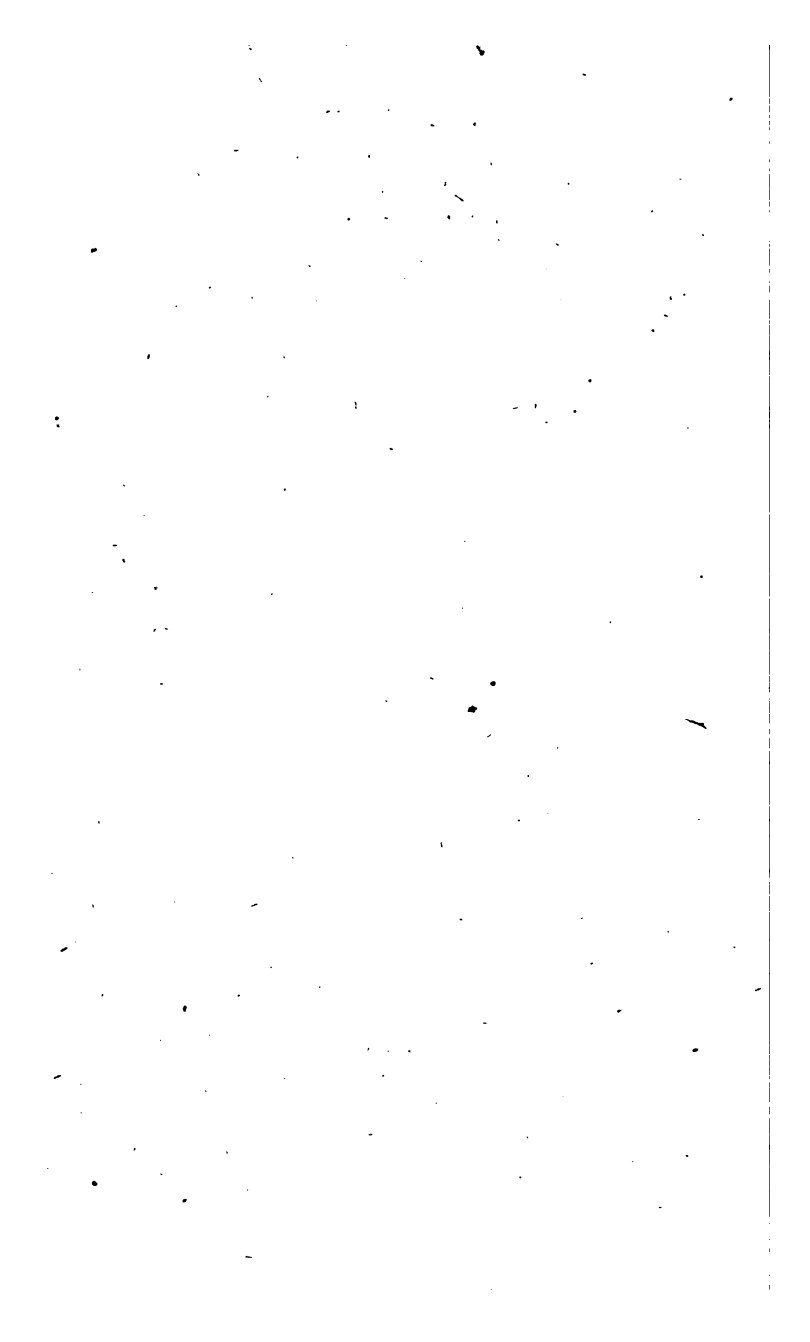
[*The Caliph, Wâthek, and Almanzor, go out.*]

SCENE VII. and last.

THE VIZIER, alone; after a short silence.

SO the fruit of my policy and the end of every stratagem is Almanzor's brilliant triumph!—He has defeated all my schemes.—What, does simple persevering honesty always overthrow the deepest plans of artifice?—and to be successful, must we then be just?—My son—I have ruined his credit with the Prince; he will, for a time,

time, be obliged to withdraw from court. ~~Let~~
Come, let me find him—and may this dear-
bought experience at least strike him as it has
struck his father! may it convince him that an
upright and virtuous man will never fail, in the
end, to disconcert and abash cunning and intrigue,
envy and hatred! ~~and I shall be~~ *He goes out.*



THE
FALSE FRIENDS;
A DRAMA,
OF TWO ACTS.

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

The Count D'ANGLURES.

The CHEVALIER, son to the Count.

The Marquis de VALVILLE.

DORSAIN, } *friends to the Chevalier.*
VALMONT, }

BRUNEL, valet-de-chambre to the Chevalier.

ZEPHYR, the Chevalier's running-footman.

Scene, the Count's house at Paris.

T H E
F A L S E F R I E N D S.

— The friendships of the World are oft
Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure.

Cato.

A C T I.
S C E N E the First.

The Stage represents a Saloon.

B R U N E L, Z E P H Y R.

B R U N E L, *holding a paper.*

THIS is your bill then, monsieur Zephyr.
Zounds! you made a great difficulty about
giving it to me: what, you are afraid of my ex-
amination, and would, I fancy, rather settle this
business with the Chevalier than with me.

Zc.

Ze. Why, faith; 'tis always best to have nothing to do with any body but our masters.

Bru. Aye, and especially when they are only one and twenty; they don't look so close into things as an old valet-de chambre, who has their interest-at heart: is not it so?—Come, let's see this bill.

Ze. You will observe, monsieur Brunel, that it contains the expences of two months.

Bru. (*Putting on his spectacles.*) Yes, yes. (*He reads aloud.*) “For a nosegay of artificial roses, three half-crowns.—The twelfth; for two branches of hyacinths, two and sixpence.—The twentieth; for six anemonies.”—Zounds! you are mighty fond of flowers, sure!

Ze. For all that, there are only five guineas worth.

Bru. A mere trifle, indeed.—Come, come; patience. (*He continues reading.*) “For six pair of silk stockings, two pound fourteen shillings.—For eight pair of shoes embroidered with spangles, three pound twelve.—For a rose-coloured feather——for a white feather——for a variegated plume of black and blue feathers, four guineas.”—Why how the deuce is this? It costs as much to maintain you, as it would do to keep a pretty girl. What folly!

Ze. Still, I do assure you, I am very saving; ask monsieur de Valmont what Rossignol, his running-footman, costs him, and you will see the difference.

Bru. Well then, my conclusion is that people should not have running-footmen.

Ze. That's soon said; but, fortunately, all the world an't of your mind. Lookye, monsieur Brunel, a young nobleman, now a days, without
a run-

a running-footman and a game-keeper, is a body without a soul.—In short, monsieur de Valmont, that he might keep Rossignol, has given up the best cook in all Paris: I am certain of that.

Br. I fancy those who dine with him do not think the sacrifice very rational.—But hark, I hear the Count's voice.—Go, and wait in my room; I'll follow you presently. (*Zephyr goes out.*) What pleasure can there be in spending almost two hundred a year upon such a useless animal as that!

SCENE II.

THE COUNT, THE MARQUIS, BRUNEL.

Count. BRUNEL, go and see what my son is doing, and learn his plans for to-day.

Br. Yes, sir. (*He goes out.*)

Mar. Be discreet, my dear Count, I beg of you; do not speak to him about signing the articles; I propose real pleasure to myself from seeing his surprize.

Count. His surprize will certainly be equalled by his joy; for he loves your charming daughter with a warmth beyond expression.

Mar. And Eugenia, on her part, prefers him to every other.

Count. I am persuaded she will never repent of having honoured him with her preference. My son has defects which I have not concealed from you; the extreme gentleness of his disposition renders him, sometimes, too complying; and the goodness of his heart often gives birth to a dangerous

ous credulity : his peculiar frankness and sincerity always lead him to judge of every one by himself ; he is not only free from all suspicion of deceit in others, but scarcely thinks it possible for so mean a vice to exist. Such extreme candour produces many inconveniencies no doubt ; nevertheless, this valuable quality is so meritorious, so attaching, that we should not attempt to moderate its excess, but with the most delicate caution. Mistrust is especially disgusting in youth ; and he who, at twenty, discerns mankind in their real colours, will not fail, at forty, to prove a rank misanthropist. However, as a strict adherence to truth is the first principle of education, I have not concealed from my son that there are depraved and wicked dispositions, though, from respect to the purity of his heart, I passed lightly over those grievous, those horrid representations of human nature, which are so frequently exaggerated, and which only serve to vitiate the ideas, and corrupt the youthful mind, they are meant to enlighten.

Mar. I am of your opinion ; and this conformity of our principles, respecting education, was my chief inducement for offering you my daughter. You were so honourable as to apprise me of the Chevalier's faults, and of the growing taste he appeared to have for gaming ; consequently, we determined that he should undergo a trial of eighteen months : a year has now elapsed since this agreement was made ; and I am so much wrought upon by the exactness with which he has kept his word, by his attachment to Eugenia, and by the friendship he discovers for me, that I cannot resolve to defer his happiness any longer : besides, you assure me he never had a real fondness for gaming—

Count.

Count. It was fashion, and easiness of temper, which betrayed him into high play. His mind is cultivated, he knows how to employ himself, he possesses sense and an exalted way of thinking; with qualities like these, men rarely become professed gamesters. But, on entering into life, he found the love of play so prevalent, he saw so many persons who plumed themselves on being called deep players, and who, without any other recommendation whatsoever, were sought after and well received in the world, that a want of reflexion, common at his age, together with bad examples and a puerile vanity, easily got the better of his own judgement and my advice.

Mar. A man must have very little reflexion indeed, who can be misled by that imaginary consequence which gamesters think they enjoy. People do not invite them to suppers, either for the sake of their accomplishments, or the charms of their conversation, but merely to seat them at a table, win their money, and ruin them if possible: this is the sole cause why their company is desired; and he who can be proud of attentions which result from such a motive, must possess a most ingenious kind of vanity.

Count. My son now seems to consider this matter in the same light that we do. I am very sure he has not played once for a year passed; however, his temptations have been few, that's certain; for he travelled last winter, and afterwards spent four months with his regiment in a garrison where play is not the fashion. It is only two months since he returned to Paris; therefore, to prove the truth of his reformation, perhaps it would be necessary to wait the return of spring, and let the whole winter pass—

Mar.

Mar. There I discern your delicacy, my dear Count, together with that exact and scrupulous rectitude which always makes you apprehensive of abusing the confidence reposed in you ; but, for my part, I have no fears, nor will I any longer postpone an union from which I expect to derive all my future happiness. Your son is now as dear to me as he can be to you ; I blame only one thing in his conduct, and about that I proposed consulting you ; it is the intimacy he maintains with two giddy-brained young men, who do not appear to me in any respect deserving of his friendship.

Count. Valmont and Dorfain ?

Mar. Yes. The former, especially, is a notorious gambler ; and both are so excomical, so self-sufficient !—

Count. I confess it ; but my son is one and twenty, and has mixed in the world these four years ; therefore, I cannot prevent his associating with young men of his own age. Valmont and Dorfain are for ever after him, and may from their birth, at least, be numbered among what is called *good company* ; besides, my son is convinced that he possesses in them two real friends ; and vain would be my attempts to dissuade him from it : however, I have determined to draw each of them to my house, that my son may gradually observe the striking absurdities with which they both abound ; and, by this expedient, I hope to succeed in opening his eyes imperceptibly.

Mar. Well, I submit the matter wholly to your management, and persevere in my design for to-night.

Count. Have you considered maturely ?

Mar.

Mar. Yes, I am positively determined; I am going to my notary's.

Count. You give me infinite joy, I acknowledge—

Mar. And I consider this day as the happiest of my life.

Count. My son, too!—What transports will he feel!—

Mar. But have a little prudence, I desire—

Count. Oh, be easy.

Mar. You will call at my house precisely at eight o'clock, and bring me hither?

Count. What! is not Eugenia to be present at the explanation?

Mar. No; you are acquainted with her bashfulness and timidity; she wishes to have the Chevalier informed of the secret at your house, being, no doubt, apprehensive lest she should discover too much emotion. Let us spare her delicacy.

Count. The source is so pure that it cannot fail to obtain respect.—Such amiable bashfulness is the most captivating charm with which a woman can be adorned; 'tis the sure pledge of innocence and virtue: nay, even coquetry, in order to please and seduce, is often obliged to borrow its appearance at least; indeed, the most refined art of a coquette consists in knowing how to counterfeit it.

Mar. Then I will go and acquaint my daughter that every thing is settled according to her plan.—

A propos, did I shew you the nuptial present I intend for the Chevalier?

Count. No.

Mar. It is Eugenia's picture; 'tis finely executed; however, before I give it to him, I wish
to

to know whether he approves of the likeness—but this shall serve for a future topick. Adieu, till the evening.

Count. I will certainly call you before eight o'clock. *(The Marquis goes out.)*

Count. (Alone.) Worthy man!—How fortunate am I in being able to give my son such a father-in-law, and a charming wife!

S C E N E III.

THE COUNT, BRUNEL.

Count. SO, Brunel, what has my son told you respecting his intentions for to-day?

Bru. Why faith, sir, I had a hard matter to learn; he has got monsieur Dorfain and monsieur de Valmont with him; and they are kicking up such a dust in his room—

Count. However, is he preparing to go out?

Bru. Yes, sir; they are going to *the little Dunkirk*, to buy buttons and buckles; then to * *Boulogne wood*; and from thence to the Tennis-court, where they intend to dine and dress: afterwards they talk of going to the Italian theatre, then to the *Colisée*; then they mean to see the rope-dancing; and in short to sup at the *Palais-Royal*, and finish their day at the opera-masquerade.

Count. This is employment enough for one day, indeed!

Bru. Oh, now I have forgot two or three things; there were more schemes talked of—they mentioned a † *réveillon*, after the masquerade.

* A kind of Park near Paris. T.

† A second supper in the middle of the night. T.

Count.

Count. Call my son hither.

Bru. He told me he would come to enquire after your health, Sir, before he left home.—Aye, here he is.

Count. Leave us. (*Brunel goes out.*)

S C E N E IV.

THE COUNT, THE CHEVALIER.

Count. COME hither, son. (*Looking at his watch.*) It is now twelve o'clock, and Brunel has been telling me that you are going out, and do not purpose to return before six to-morrow morning.

Che. True, I have promised—

Count. And do you expect great pleasure from a day so spent?

Che. Far otherwise, I assure you, sir.

Count. Why then employ it in so frivolous a manner, if you are not even to reap a transient gratification?—Is it not merely because the scheme has been proposed, and you want firmness?—Complaisance, no doubt, is one of those qualities which cannot be dispensed with in society; but, nevertheless, 'tis requisite that we should know how to confine it within proper bounds; and to sacrifice four and twenty hours successively to the caprice of others, is carrying complaisance very far indeed—nay more, by devoting a whole day to the idlest kind of dissipation, and not reserving two or three hours, at least, for your own immediate improvement, you do not keep your word with me. If you adopt such a mode of life, how will

will you form your understanding, augment your knowledge, or learn your profession?—In short, how will you become a valuable man, and a distinguished officer?

Che. Nor do I intend to contract such a habit: it is naturally my inclination to employ myself.

Count. Aye, but that inclination soon wears off if not preserved with the utmost care; and, to retain it, we must make a constant practice of never wholly losing one single day.

Che. Well, sir, I cheerfully relinquish this party; I will dine at home, and just meet them for a moment at the Tennis-court.

Count. No, go out; do not break through your engagement; but return hither at about half passed seven, when I will take you to the Marquis de Valville's.

Che. What! shall I be admitted there this evening? I thought Eugenia was to go and visit her aunt at Saint-Germain—

Count. Instead of which her aunt is here.

Che. Hah! and, when I might have seen Eugenia, I had engaged myself for the whole day.—How much I am indebted to you, dear sir, for this information!—

Count. Then do you still love Eugenia as ardently as ever?

Che. Do I!—Ah, sir, all my happiness depends on obtaining her, on making myself deserving of her.—Alas, I must still wait six months, six tedious months!—Think you that monsieur de Valville will not shorten so long, so cruel a probation?

Count. No, do not flatter yourself; he is inflexible on that point. You know his rooted aversion to gamesters; you have been addicted to play,

play, but you have promised to renounce it; he only demands a trial of eighteen months, to which you have agreed, and therefore should submit without complaining: besides, though monsieur de Valville is apprehensive that you may still retain a taste for play, yet, he does not harbour a doubt of your probity; he neither watches your conduct, nor puts spies upon your actions, but entirely reposes on your word and sincerity.

Che. Indeed, sir, he only does me justice; for I am incapable of deceiving him. Had I been unfortunate enough to play, and lose more than the stipulated sum, I should frankly have confessed it at least—but I am well assured my sincerity will never be exposed to that painful trial; the sacrifice which he has demanded costs me so little!—and what sacrifice could seem great with such a recompence as I am promised?—I declare to you, I now resist high play without difficulty, without the smallest effort, never engaging, unless politeness makes it absolutely requisite; nor have I, for this year passed, lost that trifling sum which you ordered me not to exceed.

Count. Persevere in this conduct; it will be the more praise-worthy in you, because you have two professed gamesters for your friends.

Che. Why, Dorfain is not a gamester.

Count. He is a great deal too much so for his fortune; and Valmont—

Che. True, he loves play; but I more than once have heard him form the plan of renouncing it.

Count. Aye; when luck ran against him.—But how could he employ himself if he did not play? He is without knowledge, conversation, or at-

achment; he has no fortune to lose; for report says, he is totally undone; therefore, were I his friend, I should be as unconcerned when I saw him gamble, as I should be grieved to see an honest, amiable, feeling mind, yield to the dominion of that fatal passion, which frequently springs from idleness, though it is strengthened by avarice, and continued by fallacious hopes; a passion, which at length gives birth to a vile and immoderate lust of gain, respects not the ties of blood and friendship, and seeks its success in the misfortunes of others; till, justly punished for so many deviations, it reaps no fruits but ruin and repentance.

Che. Valmont, I hope, will escape this miserable fate; that he is uneducated I admit, but he possesses an excellent heart, a most engaging vivacity, and something so natural! —

Count. That is to say, he is giddy and inconsiderate, uttering, without reflexion, every thing which happens to come uppermost; that he is very noisy and very rude; this is what you call natural, and this is precisely that kind of nature we ought to discard. It is common enough for the justly founded aversion inspired by pedantry, to betray men into the opposite extreme, and even prompt them to praise and admire those persons who are uneducated and unpolished; but correct taste should preserve us from both excesses, that should teach us to value learning no further than as it is devoid of affectation and parade, and to love what is natural no further than as it displays itself under a pleasing form.

Che. I am sorry, sir, to find you thus strongly prejudiced against Valmont and Dorvain, the latter especially, if you knew him better, would,

I am

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I am confident, obtain your regard; he has such sensibility! there is such a warmth in his friendship!—

Count. Yes, *warmth, energy, enthusiasm*; those are his expressions; and you suffer yourself to be deluded by such nonsense. You will one day learn that this high-sounding language does not flow from the heart. Feeling frequently produces exalted ideas, but it always expresses them with simplicity.—In a word, I acknowledge that your two friends have a fault, which I think particularly disgusting, and which must ever render them insupportable to me.

Che. What is that?

Count. They are coxcombs.

Che. Oh, Dorlain is too much in love to be a coxcomb!

Count. True, you judge right; no man, when in love, can be a coxcomb; but your friend is incapable of feeling a real passion.

Che. Ah, sir! I assure you—

Count. You are his confident, and I am not; but what would you say if you found me as well acquainted with all his pretended secrets as you are?

Che. I confess, I can scarcely believe—

Count. He always carries about him two pictures of the same person, one in a ring; the other in a pocket-book: he has hair and a cypher in his watch; the hair is black—and, to be still more minute, the picture in the ring is only a profile, that in the pocket-book represents the person in a ball-dress. Well, am I right?

Che. I am all amazement! How can this be?

Count. Now judge whether a man who is capable of so much indiscretion, a man who, to

gratify the most contemptible vanity, divulges a secret which he has promised to keep, at once betraying confidence and forfeiting his honour, judge whether such a man can possess feeling and integrity, and whether he is worthy of affection!

Che. I am confounded; but, nevertheless, I cannot persuade myself to think Dorvain's heart a bad one—There is some mystery in this, which he will unravel.

Count. I very much question his being able to justify himself,—But I hear a noise; somebody is coming—

Che. I dare say 'tis Valmont and Dorvain in quest of me.—I shall dine at home, sir. At what hour does monsieur de Valville expect us?

Count. At eight. I am going out, but I will return and take you up. Adieu! I see your friends are coming, so your servant.

[*He goes out.*]

Che. (Alone.) I long for an explanation with Dorvain—to find him undeserving of my esteem would hurt me cruelly.

SCENE V.

THE CHEVALIER, DORVAIN,
VALMONT.

Val. WHY, Chevalier, what are you loitering about? 'Tis one o'clock, do let us set off.—Oh, stay; I have something to tell you first—I have just made a pretty discovery; Dorvain is a GLUCKIST; and we have been disputing about musick, till it absolutely produced a downright quarrel.—

The

The wife Brunel ran in, quite terrified at the noise we made; he really thought we were going to fight.

Che. What nonsense!—But how could such an argument take place, when neither of you understands musick?

Dor. Pshaw! what does that signify? We know how to make an uproar, and exclaim—"This is detestable!" or, "that divine!"—and nothing more is requisite in order to maintain such a kind of dispute.

Val. Perhaps you think a man must be a musician to speak well upon musick, and judge properly of its merits?—What prejudices!—Why I can't read a single note, and yet ask Dorvain how I ought on the point.—Nay, I should not even fear you, Chevalier, though you are a good musician. I would tell you—

Che. Hold, hold; I already beg for quarter, and acknowledge myself vanquished; for I am so wearied with this kind of discourse—

Dor. Besides, the Chevalier is on your side, Valmont: he is a PICCINIST.

Che. Who I? by no means.

Val. What, again turn deserter!—You are inconstant, Chevalier; you seemed in raptures with Roland the other day.

Che. I confess it—

Val. Consequently then, GLUCK is a mere barbarian.

Che. A fine conclusion truly!

Val. 'Tis not my own; the idea was another's, but 'tis generally received however.

Dor. Well, at any rate, it is necessary to know the principles of those we live with; so explain—

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explain yourself; Chevalier; are you a GLUCKIST?

Che. No.

Val. Then, what are you?

Che. Neither PICCINIST nor GLUCKIST; in other words, a reasonable creature.

Val. What! without party-spirit, without existence, a neutral being!—Pshaw, that's poultry indeed!

Che. But do you know my reason for espousing no party? It is because I am a real lover of music; and that love, founded on some little knowledge, has preserved me from those unhappy prejudices to which both of you give way, and consequently lose much pleasure.

Dor. But, nevertheless, 'tis impossible to like two composers equally well.

Che. Why so? May not the talents of both, though different, be equally excellent in their kind?

Val. Then it follows, Chevalier, that you think the leaders of party have not common sense; that we are *ignoramuses* and idiots.

Che. I will never allow myself the use of such expressions; they bespeak passion and enthusiasm, which too frequently induce us to deviate from politeness and good-breeding; but reason is ever indulgent in her conclusions, and moderate in her criticisms.

Val. And, perhaps, you may reap no fruits from your pretended wisdom, but the dislike of both parties.

Che. A fear of meeting with injustice shall never deter me from speaking truth.

Dor. For my part, I must own I am too warm to be so moderate. I have an impetuous imagination

tion which runs away with me; spite of my steady deavours to rein it in.

Val. I am not at a loss to know why you are become a GLUCKIST, Desfain; 'tis a sentimental business; you have been ordered to join that party: come, come, confess the fact; it does you credit; besides—

Des. What folly!—Never talk about sentiment; you understand nothing of the matter.

Val. Can you say that, after what I told you yesterday?—When my head is absolutely turned—I will relate the whole story to the Chevalier some time or other; he will be all amazement!—Egad, this once, I am taken in; aye, and very seriously too.—But how goes the hour? We forget ourselves. *Or what say you to the little Dunkirk?* Chevalier, I long to shew you the buckles I have ordered. *A propos*, have you seen my watch-chain? *(Giving it to him.)* Well, is it not charming?

Des. What beautiful coloured hair!

Val. *(With extreme feppishness.)* Pho—some highwayman's hair—though, indeed, 'tis so very beautiful that I am almost imprudent in wearing it—for it must be known again.—These locks are vastly admired.—You were in love with them yesterday, Chevalier, in Boulogne wood.

Des. *(With surprise.)* What?

Val. For goodness sake, never let this pass your lips.

Des. Oh, the Chevalier is cautious, I can answer for him. *A propos*, Valmont, are you invited to madame de Saint-Ange's ball?

Val. Yes, but I shall not go.

Des. Why?

Val. G 4

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Val. Because I have offended madame de Saint Ange most dreadfully; and therefore should be obliged to endure her reproaches: to be sure, I might very well retaliate, for she is so capricious! such a coquette!—

Dor. I have seen her engross your attention for a moment.

Val. Certainly, every coquette has a right so to do; but only for a moment, as you say—though 'tis curious enough to examine a coquette.

Dor. Aye, but the examination is soon over; besides, they are all so much alike; 'tis constantly the same thing.

Val. True; nevertheless, 'tis extremely diverting to persuade them we are duped by their artifices, and caught by all those little tricks, so generally known, though every coquette gives herself the credit of having first invented them.

Dor. For my part, I am sick of coquettes.

Val. In the long run they are insipid, that's certain.

Dor. For example, can any thing be more ennuyeux than Hortensia?

Val. She is very pretty notwithstanding that.

Dor. But all those airs, that continual study about dress!—

Val. How ungrateful you are! Does not this affectation spring from a desire of pleasing us?

Dor. Well then, out of pure gratitude, I would wish her a little better instructed as to the choice of means.

Val. But understanding is necessary to direct that choice; and she has not common sense.— For my part, I am very fond of Hortensia; I look at her without attending to what she says, which

is the more easy from her being so heedless that she never listens for an answer: however, I rouse her attention now and then, either by praising her person, or criticising that of some other pretty woman; this makes her burst into the accustomed peals of forced laughter; I admire her unaffected gaiety, and tell her she is *piquante* to excess, by which means we are amazing good friends.

Dr. Chevalier, do you mind what Valmont says?—Think of his having the assurance to tell *Hortensia* she is *piquante* and unaffected!—Really, that is too bad—

Che. Indeed, she could not have expected such kind of praise.

Val. Why what would you have? I only conform to the taste of the times. All the women, in this age, pretend to be *piquantes*, *easy*, and *spirited*. Formerly, I know, they were gratified by being praised for modesty and reserve; but now, diffidence is thought disgraceful, and gentleness, a proof of stupidity. In short, it is by assurance, by a satirical and decisive manner, together with deafening and continual peals of laughter, it is by these means only that a young and pretty woman can, at present, distinguish herself.

Che. Why confound the whole sex with five or six of your acquaintance, who may, perhaps, resemble this picture? For my part, I see many women entirely devoid of such absurdities; nay, it appears to me that, generally speaking, their education is far better attended to than ours. We learn nothing but Latin, which we forget; while they are instructed in pleasing accomplishments, which they retain.—They are taught to express themselves with elegance in their native tongue;

therefore speak with more purity than we do, and certainly write better*; besides, they have a larger share of taste and literature; they read more; in short, according to my opinion, they are sufficiently avenged on our criticisms, dull jokes, and declamations, by the very distinguished superiority they have acquired.

Val. *Pon honneur*, the Chevalier seems a most zealous advocate for the ladies—but that follows of course, when a man is *deeply smitten*.

Che. Yes, the man who sincerely loves one woman, must undoubtedly respect the whole sex; therefore, you ridicule, and I defend them; that is a thing of course.

Kat. But I tell you, I am *smitten* too: if you will not believe me, 'tis no fault of mine.—Come, though, let us be going.

Che. I am extremely sorry, Valmont, but I cannot dine with you—

Dor. How so?

Val. Pshaw! you suffer yourself to be governed like a child: I'll lay a wager, now, *your papa* has forbid your going with us.

Che. He would have had a right to give me orders, and I should certainly have conformed to them; but, in this instance, he did not prescribe. I really have business—

Dor. What, a love affair?

Che. No matter, I cannot possibly go out.

Val. There is no such thing as depending upon you!—But where are you to dine?

* Women, in this speech, are not compared with men as authors; the observation is wholly confined to people of the world, and epistolary writing.

Che.

Che. At home.

Dor. *(To Valmont.)* I have a great mind to stay with him.

Val. Well, but about the Tennis-court?

Dor. We are to meet you there: are we not, Chevalier?

Chevalier.

Che. With all my heart. *(To Valmont.)* You don't dine till three o'clock, do you?

Val. No.—Then you have nothing more to say?

Che. Nothing, respecting myself.

Dor. Nor I neither.

Val. At what hour shall we meet again?

Che. About four o'clock.

Val. Very well—your servant.

Dor. *(To Valmont.)* Hear me though.—If you find the Countess Henrietta in Boulogne wood, tell her from me—

Val. What?

Dor. Nothing—nothing—upon second thoughts—I shall see her to-night at the masquerade.

Val. How! an appointment at the masquerade! Is it come to that?—If this should be known, you would meet with opposition from a certain quarter.

Dor. No joking about it, I beseech you, Valmont.

Val. I do love his gravity!—You really are the greatest hypocrite!—Well, gentlemen, if you have no more commissions to give me, I will take my leave, wishing you an infinity of amusement. Reason and philosophize quite at your ease.—But beware of Dorset, Chevalier, he will pervert you, I give you warning of it: for al-

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though a fine talker, yet, at bottom, I assure you, he is no better than I am.—Well, adieu, till by-and-by. [He goes out.]

S C E N E VI.

THE CHEVALIER, DORSAIN.

Dor. THAT Valmont is a sad wrong-headed fellow!

Chs. Let us profit by the moments while we are alone, dear Dorsain—

Dor. Why, what have you to communicate?

Chs. A thing which cannot fail to distress you very much.

Dor. You alarm me—

Chs. The secrets you intrusted me with, a week ago, are now publicly known; think, even my father is apprized of them!—together with such particulars!—

Dor. Oh, is that all?

Chs. Your indifference surprizes me.

Dor. I had no share in the indiscretions I assure you. My heart, overflowing with an attachment by which it is wholly engrossed, found occasion to discharge itself in the bosom of friendship; but I have mentioned this adventure to you only; and I was confounded, perfectly annihilated, on hearing, some days ago, that it was universally known. Can you guess who revealed the particulars?—Egad, the very person who was most interested in keeping them secret.—Oh, we have had such a scene upon the subject!—Women are so impru-

dent!

Don. It absolutely makes me wild.—Still, am I to blame?

Che. That a lady should be so weak is very extraordinary indeed!

Dor. 'Tis the case with them all.—The idle vanity which they derive from captivating a man who makes some little figure in life, turns their heads.—Then, ladies must have confidants; and they, either from jealousy, or thoughtlessness, cannot hold their tongues; so every thing comes out.—This is odious, especially to me, who have ever been rapturously fond of the mysterious. But let us talk of your concerns, my dear Chevalier: when do you marry?

Che. Alas, not for six long months!

Dor. Mademoiselle de Valville is a charming girl—but that father of hers is quite an original, notwithstanding what you may assert: for example, his having insisted upon your leaving off play is a most singular piece of tyranny—and, at the same time, so absurd—for after all, when once the wedding is over, you will become your own master.

Che. I shall never be so with respect to gaming, since I am not to marry his daughter, but on condition of renouncing that for ever.

Dor. Then, mademoiselle de Valville must be an excellent match to be sure?

Che. Yes, for me, because I love her—

Bru. (Entering.) Dinner is upon the table, fire and all.

Dor. Alas.—Branel, I beg you will order my game-keeper to go home and fetch my letters. *(To the Chevalier.)* You will allow me to write one here, after dinner?

Che. Certainly. Come. *(They go out.)*

Bru.

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Bru. (Alone.) He would have one think 'tis a love-letter he intends to write; but I'd be sworn, 'tis for some creditor.—'Egad, if I was a woman, such coxcombs would stand a bad chance of pleasing me.—Well, heaven grant that all these same finikin sparks may never succeed in spoiling my young master!

[*He goes out.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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"I think you will blow off the steam of
 the boiler of your engine of passion, and
 as I have said before, you must not be
 bad a brief moment of your time, and I will
 have you about me, and I will be the only
 person who will be able to do so."

A C T II.

SCENE the First.

THE COUNT, BRUNEL.

Count. YES, Brunel, I am sensible of your
 sincerity : and do you really perceive
 no change in my son's disposition ?

Bru. No, sir ; he is as amiable, good, and open-
 hearted as ever, and he loves mademoiselle Eu-
 genia better than himself.—But he has two friends
 who scarcely resemble him in any thing—and I
 fear that time—

Count. Observe, Brunel ; I am obliged to go
 out: my son will certainly return before I do, let
 him see this picture.—(*Giving him a pocket-book.*)
 Tell him, it was sent to me, for my opinion of
 the likenesses—

Bru. (*Taking the pocket-book.*) It is striking in-
 deed !

Count.

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Count. And if he does not happen to come home by seven o'clock, send to the Tennis-court for him; do you hear?

Bru. Yes, sir.

[*The Count goes out.*]

SCENE II.

BRUNEL, *alone, looking at the picture.*

A YE, here she is exactly!—with her little arch look, and large sparkling black eyes.—'Tis odd, but there is roguery as well as sweetness in that pretty face.—'Pon my soul, this is a handsome pocket-book!—and fitted up quite grand indeed! 'Egad, it looks vastly like a wedding present: however, they say the match won't be till summer. (*Looking at his watch.*) 'Tis now half passed five, and the Chevalier told me he would return at six.—Oh, he's coming, I fancy, for I hear his running-footman.

SCENE III.

BRUNEL, ZEPHYR.

Bru. IS the Chevalier coming, Zephyr?

Ze. No, not yet awhile.

Bru. Is he still at the Tennis-court?

Ze. No, they played at tennis but a very little time, and then went to the Baron d'Albain's, who lives just by the Tennis-court, and gave a great dinner to-day.

Bru.

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Bru. Aye, a gambling party, I dare answer for

Ze. Yes, they say 'tis a grand set of company.

Bru. And so the Chevalier is with them—

Ze. He did not much care to go; but at the Tennis-court he found a card to invite him; and monsieur Dorsain hurried him there, almost against his will.

Bru. And what brings you home?

Ze. My master sent me to tell his coachman not to come for him, because monsieur de Valmont would set him down; but I can't find the coachman.

Bru. He is above there, in the anti-chamber.

Ze. Very well, I'll go to him. [*He goes out.*]

SCENE IV.

BRUNEL, alone:

THIS gambling party makes me uneasy.—
Why did he suffer himself to be drawn into it?—
Oh, he certainly will not play; yet, how weak
was it thus wantonly to go and brave temptation!—There's somebody coming—what now?
'tis he!

SCENE

S C E N E V.

THE CHEVALIER, VALMONT, DORSAIN, BRUNEL.

Che. BRUNEL, give me the key of my closet.

Bru. (*Aside.*) How melancholy they seem! (*Presenting the key.*) Here it is, sir.

Che. (*To Valmont and Dorsain.*) Wait for me; I will come back.

Bru. I am alarmed at all this.

[*He goes out.*]

[*He goes out.*]

S C E N E VI.

VALMONT, DORSAIN.

Val. THE poor Chevalier is quite disconsolate!—he stands in such awe of his father!—But, Dorsain, was there ever luck so vile as mine? in the same hour to win two thousand guineas of my intimate friend, and lose five thousand to that idiot d'Albain.—How I hate the fellow!—A plague on *trente et quarante*, I have quite done with it.

Dor. Pshaw! you'll begin again to-morrow.

Val. Not I, indeed.—What do you mean? why, I'm ruined.

Dor. One more reason to game.

Val. No, 'tis a settled point. I began the world with five and twenty hundred a year—and if you knew how little remains!—Oh, could I but recover my losses, I swear I would renounce play for ever—it

has

has dissipated my fortune, ruined my health, and robbed me of repose; in short, to my cost, I am now undeceived, disgusted, sickened completely.—Think of losing five thousand guineas to the Baron, d'Albain!—an animal with above eight thousand a year—the worst of players, and who gave us a vile dinner into the bargain!—I am quite enraged, I confess.—And what did you do?

Dor. Nothing, I lost five hundred guineas, and won them again of the Chevalier.

Val. Does he owe you five hundred guineas?

Dor. Egad, he does; and I am vastly sorry for it, I assure you—however, 'tis fortunate that he lost them to me rather than to another, because I, at least, shall not press him for payment.

Val. That follows of course. Among friends as we are, these indulgencies become duties—but still, on the other side, when we have debts of our own, and debts so sacred as those contracted at play, 'tis necessary that friendship should yield to honour.

Dor. No doubt of it; and my delicacy, on that point, is scrupulously nice.—However, the Chevalier is going to be married.

Val. What fortune will his wife bring?

Dor. Why between eight and nine hundred a year, I believe—at the very utmost.

Val. That is not much—he will have a good twelve hundred himself, won't he?

Dor. Yes—and great expectations besides.

Val. He might have made a far better match in point of fortune.

Dor. But he is in love—

Val. And naturally romantick—then, his head is filled with prejudices—

Dor.

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Dor. He has but a moderate understanding.

Val. Aye; and I believe we shall find some difficulty in forming him; what think you?

Val. Hush—he is coming.

S C E N E VII.

THE CHEVALIER, DORSAIN,
VALMONT.

Che. (*To Dorsain.*) HERE are three hundred guineas; I will pay the rest to-morrow.

Dor. (*Taking the three hundred guineas.*) Be assured, my friend, I feel much more pain in receiving this money, than you did in losing it.

Che. (*To Valmont.*) Valmont, you likewise may depend upon being paid to-morrow.

Val. Oh, your delicacy and exactness are well known to me.—Indeed, I shall never forgive myself for having persuaded you to play: I hoped you would win; I wished to bring back your losses—only ask Dorsain what I have just now been saying to him on the subject—

Dor. He really is quite miserable—

Che. I don't know why he should; the thing is so very immaterial.

Dor. It certainly is a considerable loss to a person who does not play; though in itself too trifling to be mentioned; and consequently, Chevalier, you need not be apprehensive lest your relations should hear of it; for you may safely rely on Valmont's discretion, and mine likewise.

Val. Yes, and on that of all who were present, I am confident. The loss of two thousand guineas—

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guineas is no great misfortune, to be sure ; but it would be a very serious calamity, should so slight a cause retard your marriage ; however, I entertain no fears on that head.

Dor. Oh, the affair will never be mentioned, I'll answer for it ; there is no temptation to repeat so common a thing.

Val. In short, losses at play must far exceed the Chevalier's, or they won't be talked of now ; people can't be celebrated on that score at a trifling expence. Why I lost six thousand guineas the day before yesterday, and five thousand to-day ; but, nevertheless, I scarcely flatter myself with being honoured so much as to have the circumstance mentioned. Come though, we must leave you, Chevalier. To-morrow we dine again with that cursed Baron ; and, if you will meet us, I will give you your revenge ; only speak.

Che. You are very obliging—but I am not at all piqued—

Dor. Oh, you should come ; I have favourable anticipations ; I am convinced that we shall all be successful, and ruin d'Albain.

Val. I believe Dorvain is inspired, he tempts me.

Che. For my part, I do not wish to ruin any body.

Val. Adieu then, Chevalier ; we would not go away, only you have business—

Che. Yes, I wait for my father.

Dor. If you should want me, I am at your service.

Che. No, I shall go out.

Val. Come, Dorvain.—Fare you well till to-morrow, my dear Chevalier.

[They go out.]

SCENE

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

THE CHEVALIER, *alone*.

TWO thousand five hundred guineas does it thus I have kept my word!—Oh, heaven! that I could in the same moment forget my promises, my honour, and my love!—Dorinda! Valmont!—I thought them both my friends; but in one fatal day I am bereaved of every thing.—I must abjure a treacherous friendship, renounce an amiable young woman, of whom I am no longer worthy, and undeceive a virtuous parent, whose expectations I have so shamefully blasted! Oh, distraction!

[*He finds into a chair, quite overcome,*

SCENE IX.

THE CHEVALIER, BRUNEL.

Bru. (*Aside, holding the pocket-book.*) HE is alone—I will execute my commission.

Che. (*Rising.*) Is it you, Brunel?—What do you want?

Bru. To shew you a good pretty gumcrack, which was brought here just now—

Che. Very well, you may leave me.

Bru. 'Tis a pocket-book; there's a picture in it, which is sent that you may give your opinion of the likeness; look here—

Che. Hah! 'tis Eugenia!

a

Bru.

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Bru. And as like as two peas, is it not?

Che. To whom does this pocket-book belong?

Bru. To monsieur de Valville. I'll leave it with you, sir; for he is coming here, so you may return it to him. But suffer me to ask a question, sir: you look very dull; thank heaven, you are incapable of committing any wild pranks yourself, so I'm not disturbed about that; but it's my belief that either monsieur de Valmont, or monsieur Desclain, has lost a deal of money by gaming.

I.—Giles. No, Brunel—make yourself easy—go—I wish to be alone.

Bru. (sighing, in going.) Alas, I am less easy than most. [He goes out, looking distressed.]

S C E N E X.

THE CHEVALIER, alone, holding and contemplating Eugenia's picture.

EUGENIA!—lovely Eugenia!—for the first time, I view your likeness without transport!—What do I say?—Alas, at this moment I could not even look on you, without experiencing a painful impulse of fear and confusion!—You deceived yourself, you esteemed me—but now, that esteem will be changed into contempt, nay, into hatred!—and if despised by Eugenia, could I endure life?—Oh, no!—Still, why should she despise me?—I might conceal my weakness; I might, by secrecy, preserve my hopes—and yet, I would rather bid adieu to happiness, than be deceitful for a single moment.—(He looks at the picture.)

Behold

Behold her eyes!—behold that pleasing look which so aptly describes the purity of her mind!—Often have I thought, when those eyes were fixed on me, that I could read in them the genuine marks of innocent affection. ~~Wretch that I am!~~—henceforward they will only give me angry and indignant glances.—I cannot bear to view the picture, it racks my very soul!—for, notwithstanding all the charms which shine in this bewitching countenance, it no longer offers any image to my distempered sight, but that of an inexorable judge, whose just and grievous sentence must for life deprive me of felicity. *(Laying it upon a table.)* No, never again will I behold Eugenia. How could I support her scorn, or her reproaches?—I will go—I will flee far from hence.—Yet, perhaps she may pity me.—Ah, can I flatter myself with such an expectation?—No, I shall be too surely driven from her remembrance by a more happy choice. Alas, of all the wretched thoughts which oppress me, this is least supportable!—She will forget me, I shall lose her.—Yesterday we met for the last time!—*(He takes the picture up again.)* And is it possible, my Eugenia, that yesterday's farewell was an eternal one?—In six months I should have been the happiest of men; you consented to make me so—you only required a trifling sacrifice, yet could not obtain it!—and still, I dare to murmur at my fate!—How vile, how contemptible I am in my own eyes!—Oh, horror!—Every idea, every reflexion, aggravates my shame and my despair.—My father too is coming—what shall I say to him? how can I presume to endure his presence?—Oh, let me fly!—let me seek Eugenia, fall at her feet, and implore her compassion.—Alas!

would

would she condescend to hear me? and could I say to her; "I have broke my promise, and am no longer worthy of you?"—Oh, no! it would be impossible for me to support her contempt and resentment.—Where then shall I find one ray of comfort?—Comfort! alas, can any thing alleviate woe so keen as mine?

[He sinks again into the chair.]

SCENE XI. and last.

THE COUNT, THE MARQUIS, THE CHEVALIER.

Mar. (Speaking at the further end of the stage to the Count.) COME, I take the explanation upon myself, leave it to me, I intreat you.

Che. (Rising.) Who's there?—Oh, heaven, it is my father!

Count. (Still at the further end of the stage.) He has got Eugenia's picture in his hand.

Mar. Well, let us approach; I long to speak with him; I have already figured to myself a delightful idea of his joy, his transports!

Che. (Aside.) Alas! where can I hide myself?

Mar. (Approaching.) What's that in your hand, Chevalier?—How now, your eyes are filled with tears!

Count. 'Tis an effect produced by the contemplation of that picture.

Che. True—I confess it—

Mar. Charming!—He is vexed at our having caught him in this soft moment: however, you may give full scope to those tender emotions, my

dear Chevalier; for such amiable sensibility will constitute the happiness of your future wife and father-in-law.

Che. (Aside.) He wrings my soul!

Count. I dare say Eugénia's picture has raised sorrowful reflexions in your bosom, Chevalier; indeed, I can see that by your countenance.

Che. Alas! I own it—reflexions of the most cutting nature—

[He lays the picture again on the table.]

Mar. Aye, aye; he is thinking of the six months probation which he is still to undergo.

Count. See, you renew his griefs; did not I guess right?

Mar. Well, this really is love.—Ah, Chevalier, if you did but know how happy you make me!

Che. (Aside.) Oh, what torture!

Count. (To the Marquis.) If he dared, he would cast himself at your feet this moment—

Che. Yes, I ought to cast myself at his feet—
(To his father.) and at yours—

Mar. To implore favour?

Che. No—I can hope for none.

Mar. Then you think me inflexible?

Che. You will, and ought to be so.

Count. (In a low voice to the Marquis.) Do not let him languish any longer.

Mar. Chevalier, embrace your second father—

Che. You!—alas! *[Embracing him.]*

Count. (To the Marquis.) Speak plainer; I am sure he does not understand you.

Che. How!

Mar. In the first place, Chevalier, take up Eugénia's picture—

Che.

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Chs. No—let him see that I am not deceived.

Mar. Then I will restore you to life.—The picture is yours.

Chs. Mine!

Count. But see how he trembles!

Mar. How dear he becomes to me! Well, your fondest wishes shall be realized. As I now am certain both of your prudence and your love, I curtail that grievous probation—

Chs. I scarcely breathe—

Mar. My daughter is yours; to-night you are to sign the articles; and to-morrow, to-morrow morning you shall receive her hand—

Chs. What do I hear?—Oh, heaven!

[He leans against the table.]

Count. He is thunderstruck, lost—quite beside himself!

Mar. And that nothing may be wanting to complete your felicity, know, Eugenia loves you with all the tenderness of which her heart is capable.

Chs. Oh, can that be?

Mar. She never had the courage to tell you so; but just now confessed it to me, while she was applauding your virtues, and the meritorious sacrifice you have made to love and reason! indeed, she could not refrain from tears. Had the Chevalier (said she) by yielding to the dangerous advice of those false friends who surround him, still retained the odious habit of gaming, doubtless I could easily have conquered my attachment; but he is worthy of being beloved; and I am now at liberty to acknowledge that affection which he so well has justified, and from which I shall derive my future happiness.

H 2 ——— *Chs.*

Che. Where am I?—Eugenia!—Oh, give me a moment's respite!

Count. Come, son—

Mar. The notary waits for you, let us delay no longer—

Che. Stop—

Count. How pale he looks!—What wildness glazes in his eyes!

Mar. From whence can this dreadful agitation proceed?—Chevalier, my son!

Che. I your son!

Mar. You are going to be so—

Che. No, never—

Count. What do I hear!

Mar. I am all astonishment!

Che. Abandon a wretch who no longer knows himself—you have given me a mortal stab—leave me—

Mar. Good heaven!

Count. Alas! what means this frenzy?

Che. Probity, at least, still remains, and demands the sacrifice of happiness, of life perhaps—no matter, that only must be listened to. (*Throwing himself at the Marquis's feet.*) I am unworthy of your goodness; my word is forfeited: I foresee my sentence, and submit to it; but do not, by your hatred, completely overwhelm a heart already given up to despair.

Mar. (*Raising him.*) Alas! what do you tell me?

Count. Unhappy wretch!—have you been gaming?

Che. This very day, just now, I lost five and twenty hundred guineas.—I broke my resolutions and my oaths at the very moment when all things were prepared for my approaching happiness!

pinest! I was false to Eugenia at that very time when she first ventured to avow her sentiments without reserve!—I was beloved!—Alas! but yesterday, nay, but this morning, with what transports would that certainty have filled me! and now it only serves to make me desperate!—Still, if I had enjoyed the unutterable pleasure of hearing that confession from her lips!—Oh, no! I was never to taste one instant of pure felicity! I was reserved for eternal wretchedness!

Mar. You were the arbiter of your own fate, therefore blame yourself only for your sufferings.

Che. Alas! I mourn, I die, but I do not attempt to excuse myself.—Oh, my father! what fruits do you reap for all the cares you lavished upon me!—Your happiness was wrapped up in mine—and I knew it.—Oh, I am a monster in my own eyes!—But can all this be true?—is it not an illusion?—Was I capable of forgetting at once, in the same moment, duties so sacred, duties which are so deeply graven on my heart?

Caen. Yes, you have robbed me of repose, blasted my dearest hopes, forfeited the object of your affection; and all these miseries are the work of one unguarded moment!—The man of real honour is steady in his resolutions, because steady in his principles: the sacrifice he promises to reason is by him considered as a sacred obligation with which nothing can dispense: nay, if he has only made the promise in his own mind, that is sufficient to bind him for ever. Where lies the merit of a virtuous resolution, if we know not how to keep it? The most depraved of human minds has a thousand times abjured its errors. Struck by the brilliant light of reason, and at the same time satiated with vice, it has, at least,

least, attempted to shake off his disgraceful chains.—
Yes, my son, you at length find, by fatal experience, that he who can break the laws he has imposed upon himself, and voluntarily sworn to observe, owes his virtue but to circumstances, and his happiness to chance.

Che. Alas, I know how inexorable I am to my sufferings are sufficient to acquaint me with the full extent of my transgression.—In one quarter of an hour Eugenia will be undeceived, and I, the object of her hatred!—Mean time, the clock marks my arrival, and the notary is in waiting.—Eugenia thinks of me with pleasure; she anticipates my joy, my happiness; perhaps she may now be talking of me!—She imagines herself on the point of signing that sacred engagement which would indissolubly unite us!—and yet, this evening she will abhor me, banish me, and condemn me never to behold her more!—*(To the old woman.)* Tell her, at least, at what a moment I surpassed courage to acquaint you with my errors; I do not when you came to bestow her hand upon me!—Design to describe my repentance and despair; excite her pity, and, if possible, preserve me from her scorn.—Do not heighten her resentment, I conjure you by your passed tenderness for a wretch who, to his latest gasp, will remember your goodness, and feel the keenest remorse for having deserved to lose it.—Adieu!

(He makes an attempt to go.)

Mar. Oh, stop—this is too much.

Che. What would you say?

Mar. To shall be questioned by Eugenia, and should wish to have the opportunity of answering her interrogatories; you have given me no particular

Che.

Gba. Whatsoever they may be, I must remain inexcusable.

Mar. No matter, I wish to know them.

Gba. What a revival you demand! and how humiliating! but you desire it, therefore I ought to obey. Then know that I was dragged to the Baron d'Albain's, where they were playing *trichard quarante*. I refused to join the party; however, Dorvain persecuted me, because the dealer had passed six times running; seduced by the idea that he must lose in the end, I played and was successful; at that moment, Valmont (who was absent from the room when I entered) came in, and Luras then informed that the dealer and he were partners; to avoid playing against him, I would have left off; but he ridiculed my delicacy, and demanded his revenge. I played again; he passed seven times, and, under a pretence of bringing back my losses, availed himself of the agitation I experienced on having exceeded the stipulated sum, and induced me to persevere; I then dealt, and played half an hour longer, without knowing where I was, or what I did, for my head was quite gone. In short, I left off with the loss of two thousand guineas to Valmont, and five hundred to Dorvain, the latter of whom took advantage of my confusion, and played against me.

Count. Yet these, my sons, are the two men whom you called friends!

Mar. This day, to him, will be worth ten years of experience. Previous to this distressing adventure, he only possessed the virtue of a young man; that of knowing how to avoid temptations; but henceforward he will know how to triumph over them. An upright mind can err but once.

and its very fault strengthens its virtue, by producing reflexions, torments, and remorse, which are the useful, though bitter fruits of a first offence. Then still consider me as a tender indulgent parent, my dear Chevalier. No, I do not renounce so sweet a title.

Che. What! can you still interest yourself in the fate of a wretch like me?

Mar. Dare you hope nothing further from such a heart as mine?

Che. I dread lest I should deceive myself. No, it is not possible—

Mar. Come, this noble confession of your fault has only served to redouble my tenderness.
[Opening his arms to receive him.]

Che. (Throwing himself into them.) Ah, you restore me to life!

Count. (Embracing the Marquis.) Oh, my friend!

Che. (Embracing his father.) My father!

Mar. (Grasping the Chevalier's hand.) Amiable virtuous young man!—so much frankness and integrity are to me certain proofs of your future good conduct. Before I explained myself, I wished to observe all the different emotions of your soul, and, notwithstanding your grief, I saw you were incapable of repenting, even for a moment, of that noble confession which totally destroyed your hopes. Yes, you are more than ever worthy of Eugenia—

Che. Oh, unexpected bliss!—What obligations does this excess of kindness and indulgence lay me under!—Obligations how dear to me! how pleasing to discharge!—And do you give me back Eugenia? may I believe it?—But alas! will Eugenia herself excuse me?—That terrifying doubt imbibers all my joy!

Mar.

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Mar. I know her heart, and answer for it.

Che. If further trials are deemed necessary, I will submit to them with transport.—After what I desperately have suffered, shall I not be too fortunate if the only design to grant me hope?

Mar. No, true generosity cannot pardon by halves: well, let us detain the notary no longer.

Che. The notary!—Gracious powers! to-night?

Count. (*To the Marquis.*) Oh, how can I express the gratitude—

Mar. Let us only talk of joy. (*He takes Eugenia's picture off the table.*) Chevalier, I take back this picture, which has drawn so many tears from your eyes; Eugenia shall present it to you herself: come and receive it from her hand.

Che. What, am I going to see her again?—I tremble—joy and fear alternately possess my heart.

Mar. Away—

Che. Well then, lead me to her feet.

Mar. Come, my dear Chevalier—but let us support him, for he totters and can scarcely walk.

[*The Count and Marquis support him.*]

Che. (*Going out.*) Eugenia! alas, how much I desire, and yet dread your presence! [*They go out.*]

[*Count and Marquis support him.*]

[*Count and Marquis support him.*]

[*Count and Marquis support him.*]

[*Count and Marquis support him.*]

[*Count and Marquis support him.*]

[*Count and Marquis support him.*]

THE

WAGGERS

AND

THE

OF

1.

THE
MAGISTRATE;
A DRAMA,
OF THREE ACTS.

H. 6

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

M. de BALMONT, *Counsellor to the Parliament.*

DORVAL, *son to M. de Balmont.*

DURAND, *secretary to M. de Balmont.*

MÉLCOUR, *friend to Dorval.*

SAINT-CLAIR, *a young master in the court of requests.*

MOREL, *a young Advocate*.*

The Marquis de ROZÉÈLES.

LA PIERRE, *M. de Balmont's footman.*

The Scene, M. de Balmont's house at Paris.

* *Avocat.* The person appointed to draw up memorials, and plead causes before the judges.

T H E
M A G I S T R A T E.

Chi s'arma di virtù vince ogni affetto.

Gyarini, Pastor, Subr.
He who is armed with virtue conquers every passion.

A C T I N O I.

S C E N E the First.

The stage represents a study, with a bureau, upon which are two candles.

D O R V A L, M E L C O U R.

Mel. **R**ESTRAIN these violent transports, my dear Derval, or your secret will, at length, be discovered.

Dor. Ah, Melcour—think that in a few short hours an irrevocable decree is to fix the fate, to decide upon the fortune, the very existence, nay, the

the honour of M. de Saint-Yves, of Adelaide's father!—(*Looking at his watch.*) It is now seven in the evening; before to-morrow's dawn the judges will assemble, and, in twelve hours, sentence will be pronounced!

Mel. But M. de Saint-Yves's cause is evidently good, and your father is the * reporting judge. You know M. de Belmont's unalterable justice, and must be sensible of the weight his conclusions always receive from the high character he enjoys, added to his extensive knowledge, and established probity; without intrigue or cabal, and by the mere influence of genius and virtue, does he not constantly succeed in bringing others to his own opinion? Then how comes it that such reflexions do not moderate the excess of those lively fears by which you are overwhelmed?

Dor. You speak to me of my father's virtues; ah, who can admire them more than I do? I minutely observe the austerity of his life, and the numerous sacrifices he incessantly makes to duty. Deeply impressed by the dignity of his station, he thinks, and with reason, there is none more respectable, provided all its sacred obligations are fulfilled. From a love of mankind and a noble desire of fame, he has deprived himself of relaxation and all the joys of society, above fifteen years. I am justly proud of being son to such a father; that lively tenderness and profound admiration with which he inspires me, were, as you know, the first sentiments of my heart, and time and judgement have only served to strengthen them. My father is, unquestionably, the most equitable

* *Rapporteur.* See note to *The Dangers of the World*.
the

the most virtuous of men; still, Mécourt, he is but a man, and therefore liable to mistake: spite of the best intentions, may we not deceive ourselves?—Besides, M. de Saint-Yves's antagonist, the Marquis de Rozelles, is so cunning, so active! Though my father is insensible to solicitations, intrigue finds various subterfuges.—Oh, I discover a thousand causes for fear, and entertain the most gloomy forebodings!

Mel. I do not understand you; six weeks ago, you did not doubt the success of this business; nay, even yesterday, you seemed composed.

Dor. True; but to-morrow it will be determined!—I tremble; I see the dark side only. What is said about it in the world?

Mel. Why need you care? In what perplexity you are going to plunge yourself!

Dor. Then 'tis thought the Marquis will be successful?

Mel. From the commencement of this suit, M. de Rozelles has been every where, and has spent half his time in making visits, which is an excellent way to gain suffrages; while, on the other hand, M. de Saint-Yves keeps entirely at home, is absorbed in the business, and sees no one but his family, his advocate, and reporting judge; therefore, 'tis natural for the world to take part with his antagonist.

Dor. Oh, heaven!—Then the memorials have not been read?

Mel. People have only read those of the Marquis de Rozelles; and that, because they abound with witticisms and scandal: those of M. de Saint-Yves are extremely circumspect, highly persuasive, and replete with excellent arguments; but now-a-days these are not the ingredients sought

sought for in memorials; ridicule, keen irony, mischievous reflexions, and personal abuse, alone secure them a perusal; and the fashionable world is, generally speaking, composed of persons who are so giddy, indolent, and weary of themselves, that if a man can make them laugh a moment, he must always be right in their opinion.

Dor. But should a memorial, which treats of the most serious and important business, abound with pleasantry?

Mel. Why, my friend, the practice is a new one, but almost universal; and, unfortunately, there is danger of its continuance; since it is far more easy to be a scoffer and a buffoon, than noble, eloquent, and pathetick.

Dor. Well, M. de Saint-Yves will lose his cause, I expect it.

Mel. You must have a very contemptible idea of the magistrates, if you can think them capable of being influenced by the superficial judgements of the world; what are such opinions to them? ought not they to judge solely according to the evidence and their own consciences?

Dor. Tell me, Melcour, you see my father daily, and this business is often mentioned to him before you; to which side do you think he secretly inclines?

Mel. Why you know him better than I do.

Dor. Alas! when the name of M. de Saint-Yves is mentioned, I scarcely dare to look my father in the face; I feel conscious that my countenance must betray me; and he is so scrupulously delicate that, were he to discover my secret, he would decline the business, I am certain. Eighteen months ago, when I was in Lorraine, and saw mademoiselle de Saint-Yves for the first time, this

crack

cruel contest was begun; I then conceived the idea of getting her father to choose mine for reporting judge; and that reason alone induced me to conceal an unhappy passion which has acquired fresh violence from so much restraint, inquietude, and secrecy. I dread my father's penetration, and still more I dread those acute feelings natural to my temper, which have already been twenty times on the verge of betraying me; therefore, so far from presuming to fathom his sentiments, I am only solicitous to conceal my own. But you, Melcour—

Mel. In matters of business, M. de Balmont is impenetrable: for your sake, I have studied him attentively, but his caution would elude a far more experienced observer than I am.

Dor. He is against M. de Saint-Yves, I am certain of it.

Mel. Indeed? this is something new.—So you have just made the discovery?

Dor. And Durand, his secretary, la Pierre, his footman, and all the family, are for M. de Rozelles, I make no doubt.

Mel. Positively you rave. But, were it so, does M. de Balmont yield to the guidance of Durand? Does he wholly intrust the examination of the papers to him? Is he satisfied with mere extracts drawn up by a secretary? Besides, is not this Durand himself an honest man? He has lived here six years. M. de Balmont, before he engaged him, made the most circumspect inquiry as to every particular of his passed life and conduct; and on taking him into his service secured him a proof not sufficient to render a man far less honest than Durand superior to all bribes. I wish (said M. de Balmont) that my secretary may be in future and remain that sort of man.

easy circumstances as to lie under no temptation from a base and secret offer. By what right could I forbid his taking money, unless I made his situation comfortable? In short (continued he) the venality of the secretary, reflects upon the master, and is sufficient to tarnish his fame; the magistrate, who knows and tolerates it, shares in the ignominy." Such are M. de Blamont's principles, such was his discourse; you were then too young to be struck by it; but I was fifteen, and these particulars are still present to my memory.

Dor. I perfectly recollect those thoughts I was then but twelve years old; nor have I any doubt of Durand's integrity; besides, my father watches him with such vigilance, that it seems to me impossible he should dare to swerve from his duty, even were he a less honest man; he is too well aware of my father's inflexibility on such a point, he knows the very first deviation would cost him his place; but he has frequently seen M. de Rouzelles, and may be prejudiced in his favour.

Mel. A secretary who is proof against bribes, will be superiour to prejudices; besides, if the Marquis, by his wit and eloquence, has obtained the good wishes of Durand, you may be well assured that Durand will not influence your father.

Dor. Ah, Melcour, with what calmness you argue on this point!

Mel. I argue rationally; and that, as I clearly see, is not what you wish for at present. You are in search of despair, and displeased by every thing which can tend to comfort you.

Dor. I am not myself, I confess. I wait for night, I wait for day, with timespressible fears and impatience. My heart never ceases to palpitate

tate when I think of M. de Saint-Yves's enmities; and when I consider that the anxiously expected mistress may prove to them a day of triumph, I feel a weight upon my spirits which oppresses and overwhelms me, while my mind is torn with emotions of resentment and rage, nearly bordering upon madness. — I certainly have got a fever; I am by no means as usual; my head fails. — I am dissatisfied with all around me; nay, even with you, Melcour; you do not give me the least consolation; quite otherwise; every word you have uttered during the whole day has tended but to aggravate my uneasiness. — I see you anticipate my misfortune, and wish to prepare me for it. — Do you think M. de Saint-Yves will be cast? — Answer me; what is your real opinion? Tell me the truth.

Mel. And must I always repeat the same thing? I am persuaded that M. de Saint-Yves's cause is just; his business is in the hands of M. de Palmest, and consequently it appears to me that we have every reason to hope —

Edm. It appears so, you say! — Even yesterday you spoke in a much more positive manner.

Edm. You may think so; but I assure you I have always maintained the same language.

Edm. At length, your opinion is altered!

Mel. What! would you have me say I am sure the cause will be carried? Could such folly comfort and satisfy you?

Edm. I wish for a friend who would sympathize in my woes; I do not wish to have them rendered still more poignant by such disgusting harshness and indifference. In short, perhaps I wish for less reason and more friendship. — Go, Melcour; I weary you, you afflict me. I am now in a situa-

tion to sustain petulance and contradiction; leave me, pray leave me—

Mel. You suffer, you are unhappy; if I have hurt my dear Dorval, I have certainly committed a fault, and a fault for which I ought never to forgive myself.

Dor. Ah, Melcour—excuse an unfortunate wretch, who no longer retains possession of his understanding!—Oh, that your reason could recall mine. Bred and educated together, the ties of blood, habit, and friendship, nay, every thing conspires inseparably to unite us. I am unjust and violent; still, Melcour, you know how dear you are to me!—I injure you, and nevertheless, would lay down my life for your sake.

Mel. I am very sure of that, your heart is incapable of loving moderately; but if you do not learn to subdue this excessive keenness of feeling, and impetuosity of temper, you will always be wretched.

Dor. Oh, how I envy your wisdom and composure.

Mel. I am two and twenty, and you are only eighteen.

Dor. Your judgement ever was superior to your age.—When I compare myself with you, Melcour, I cannot account for the friendship which attaches you to me.—How I blush at my weaknesses when I think what a small degree of profit I have gained by my father's cares, his lessons, and your advice!—I never received an example that was not virtuous and sublime; I have been educated under my father's immediate inspection, in this house, the constant abode of order, decorum, and peace; in this house, the august sanctuary of equity, disinterestedness, beneficence,

reference, and every other virtue. But young as I am, my heart already is a prey to the most turbulent passions, which absolutely drive me to a state of madness!—What humiliating reflexions!—Nevertheless, this heart ardently pants for distinction, and aspires to emulate my father, his dazzling fame and glorious course of life, strike my imagination in a lively manner, and fire my very soul.—May the hope of being happy enough to resemble him, will enable me, if necessary, to make the greatest sacrifices.—Yes, I shall learn to subdue the violence of my temper, and gain a victory over my passions.—Do you not hope, dear Melcour, that I may have power to overcome my faults?

Mel. With such principles, and such noble sentiments as characterize you, what ought not to be expected? Besides, have you not heard that your father, in early youth, had the liveliest passions?—He was agreeable, people sought his company, and he liked the world; yet, the wish of acquiring an exalted reputation, and, above all, the love of virtue, soon triumphed over every other propensity; and without hesitating, he sacrificed his inclinations to the duties of his profession.—But somebody is coming—

Dea. Distraction!—'Tis Saint-Clair's voice; how unlucky!

Mel. Here he comes, restrain yourself; consider how trifling and indiscreet he is.

Dea. I have still a thousand things to say; this intrusion makes me wild.

SCENE

SCENE II.

DORVAL, MELCOUR, SAINT-CLAIR.

St. Cl. GOOD-DAY, Dorval.—Is not M. de Belmont to be spoken with?

Dor. No, he has been busy in his study ever since dinner.

St. Cl. Oh, very well—but his study!—Where are we not in that now?

Dor. No, my father does not usually study in this room.

St. Cl. I am at a loss to imagine how M. de Belmont can sustain the horrid fatigue of that close application which he imposes on himself.

Mel. By keeping early hours and regularly going to bed at half past ten o'clock, which preserves his health, and never dozes when in court.

St. Cl. Such a regimen would kill me.

Mel. Very likely, indeed, it does not suit every body.

St. Cl. I fancy Dorval will not be tempted to put on the robe, I can easily conceive that the example given by his father is certainly very fine; but such excessive austerity is not calculated to charm a young man. This house is a kind of convent.—To go to bed at ten o'clock, to renounce the world and public places, to give no suppers, and spend life locked up in a study—this all mighty heroick—but, for my part, I see no difference between the life of M. de Belmont and that of a hermit.

Dor. (*Perussfully*.) Nevertheless, it is possible to point out this small one, which has escaped

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you; namely, that a hermit is totally useless: therefore, you must allow the comparison to be rather an unhappy one.

St. Cl. I joked—fame and the good of the publick, are powerful incitements in our profession, without a doubt.

Dorval (*In a low voice to Melcour.*) Our profession, did he say? those words, from him, offend me.

Mel. (*In a low voice to Dorval.*) Then be silent.

St. Cl. *Appropos,* to-morrow they are to determine on the Marquis de Rozelles's famous cause—a very delicate business—much perplexed—

Dor. (*Aside.*) Perplexed!—I have not patience—

St. Cl. I never heard, till to-day, that M. de Saint-Yves had a daughter; she is eighteen, and said to be a very pleasing girl; she has but one brother, and if her father carries his cause she will be rich—but if she is cast, it will undo them.—M. de Saint-Yves's situation is a dreadful one; on the very eve, perhaps, of being ruined and dishonoured.—Heyday! Dorval, whither are you going?

Dorval (*Stripping.*) To avoid a conversation—in which I ought not to join.—You forget that my father is M. de Saint-Yves's reporting judge.

Mel. Indeed, under this roof all discourse upon that subject is improper.

St. Cl. (*Aside.*) What egregious pedantry! (*Aloud, looking at his watch.*) How now, 'tis eight o'clock, the rehearsal will be begun—

Mel. What rehearsal?

St. Cl. Why, 'pon honour, I am forced, spite of myself I assure you, to become the principal actor in a private company—

Mel. Indeed! so you are turned player?

St. Cl. What could I do? I yielded to the importunities of three or four ladies, who by *down-right compulsion*, obliged me to undertake a little multitude of characters.

Mel. And of what kind?

St. Cl. Why—I played *the Gamester, Darviane, and the Count d'Olban*; in the last part, especially, I will venture to assert that I had some little success.—True enough, our *Nanine* was enchanting; besides, she plays like an angel; it really is no exaggeration to say she infinitely surpasses the very best actresses among the French comedians.

Mel. You do not surprize me; I never yet knew a private company who had not the same opinion of two or three of their set.—Nevertheless, this incomparable actress still takes lessons, I dare answer for it.

St. Cl. Oh, yes; that is quite necessary in order to acquire certain stage habits; but her talents are a thousand times superiour to those of her master.

Mel. This is extremely humiliating to our French comedians; they devote their lives to the study of a very difficult art, and, notwithstanding their toils and assiduities, perpetually experience the mortification of seeing themselves equalled, nay, surpassed by people of fashion, who, without practice or trouble, perform by chance and merely for amusement, yet arrive at perfection with the utmost facility.—This is mortifying to the players, it must be acknowledged.

St. Cl. You laugh; but I assure you our company is excellent—our last exhibition was received with rapture.

Mel.

Mel. And deserved it, I dare say—yet such admiration proves little—for is not the acceptance of a ticket an engagement to applaud?

St. Cl. Well, but if our performances were tiresome, would people come?

Mel. Do you make no allowance for curiosity and idleness?

Dor. Pshaw, Melcour! why do you meddle?—Don't you see that you detain the gentleman, and trespass on his politeness?—He is waited for,—

St. Cl. I shall certainly have a severe reprimand.—Adieu! now I'll make off. Adieu!

[*He goes out.*]

SCENE III.

DORVAL, MELCOUR.

Dor. I BREATHE again!—So you found great charms in his conversation?

Mel. I could not deny myself the pleasure of laughing a little at his absurd vanity. Besides, do you comprehend how a man of Saint-Clair's profession can adopt a mode of amusement, which, though very agreeable no doubt, must necessarily consume so large a portion of his time?—

Dor. Don't I hear my father?

Mel. Yes, he is coming.—Adieu! I am obliged to go out; but I'll return to supper.

Dor. Oh, do not fail—stay with me to-night—do not forsake me in my present situation!

Mel. I will come back in half an hour.

[*He goes out.*]

VOL. III.

I

Dor.

Dor. How can I be so unhappy with such a friend and the best of fathers!

SCENE IV.

M. DE BALMONT, DORVAL.

M. de Bal. (Holding a letter.) SON, I wanted you—I have an important subject to mention—

Dor. How?—

M. de Bal. The time appointed for your education is expired; and during this year passed, I have advised you to consider deeply what profession you would choose to embrace: the moment for decision is now come—

Dor. I have considered, Sir; and the profession which to me appears most useful, most respectable, is your own.

M. de Bal. Observe me; I have just received a letter from Melcour's brother-in-law, who offers you a very advantageous establishment in the army.—Here, read his letter. [*Giving it to him.*]

Dor. This kindness, which I certainly owe to Melcour's friendship, cannot tempt me to alter my resolution. [*He reads the letter to himself.*]

M. de Bal. You love glory; consider, Dorval, an officer may acquire that in a more brilliant degree than any other man.

Dor. The most solid is, in my eyes, the most brilliant. I respect, I honour an officer, distinguished by his courage and his talents; but he can only render service to his country in the transient season of trouble and calamity; and that peace, which as a good citizen he must desire, takes from

him all means of signaling himself, and plunges him into his usual state of idleness and inactivity. For my part, I wish to dedicate every moment of my life to the service of the publick; I would always have it in my power to prove my love and zeal for my country. Then permit me, sir, to enter upon that noble course which you pursue with so much renown.—During either war or peace, you are equally useful to your fellow-citizens; nothing interrupts, nothing suspends your laborious work; every day adds to your fame, and death alone can put a period to such benevolent and generous activity.—This is the profession which I choose, and you are the august model I will imitate. Doubtless, sir, I neither have your genius, nor your virtues; but I shall have your counsels and example.

M. de Bal. I have long known your sentiments on this subject; and although your resolution appears steady and determinate, I still think it my duty to oppose it: consider that you cannot gain pre-eminence in the profession you wish to embrace, but by renouncing pleasure, by giving up the world, and all the fascinating charms of society. No profession exacts duties so rigorous, so difficult to fulfil—

Dor. Therefore it is the more glorious.

M. de Bal. You have exalted ideas; your mind is noble and pure, but your passions are violent—

Dor. I will subdue them.

M. de Bal. Can you relinquish entertaining reading, can you abandon literature and the arts, to be wholly engrossed by the study of the law? a study which is dry, abstruse and perplexed, and which requires a full exertion of the soundest in-

reflects, together with the most constant and deliberate attention?

Dor. The desire of rendering ourselves illustrious enables us, without difficulty, to support laborious application; and surmount the disgusts which spring from weariness.

M. de Bal. But your feelings are acute: can you have fortitude enough to resist the emotions of a pity, which is often dangerous? can you, when enjoined by duty, sacrifice compassion and secret prejudices to justice, which is sometimes afflictive and severe?—Are you certain of never suffering yourself to be blinded by the partiality of friendship, or the seduction of love?—You colour and look down; you are alarmed, you are surprized by the austerity of this representation, and your zeal abates—

Dor. Oh no, sir, nothing can abate my zeal. Did I not, before this conversation, know the duties of a magistrate? do you not fulfil them all? You possess those rigid virtues you describe; you have made the various sacrifices you mention, and you are happy! Glory, renown, and, beyond either, the testimony of your own conscience, amply compensates for every self-denial, and prompts you to esteem and prefer the exalted profession you have chosen, above all others.

M. de Bal. Yes, doubtless, I am happy. I may have been mistaken, but still, my life is sullied by no deliberate error; I have nothing essential to reproach myself with. Yet think not that I am free from agitations, troubles, nay, even from repentance.

Dor. Repentance!—you, sir!—

M. de Bal. The wicked only feel remorse for crimes; but venial faults are sufficient to excite
that

that distressing sensation in a virtuous bosom; and never did I undertake a delicate and perplexed affair, without being acutely sensible of this torment, common to us all, and especially to those of my profession. Long practice has enabled me quickly and easily to unravel a cause upon the first examination; and soon thinking every difficulty surmounted, I deliberate maturely, then form an opinion, and rest satisfied, being well assured that I am unprejudiced and impartial. But in proportion as the day of trial approaches, a multitude of fears, doubts, and scruples, successively arise to distress me: I then think I have not been sufficiently careful in examining the affair, I accuse myself of a thousand negligencies, and reflect with bitter remorse upon the slightest inattentions; in short, my peace of mind is disturbed by uneasiness of the most afflictive nature.

Dor. Such uneasiness does you honour, by proving the excess of your delicacy—but I grieve to think that at this moment—perhaps you feel it—for to-morrow, judgement will be given on a cause so interesting—

M. de Bal. My bosom, unquestionably, is not without emotion—

Dor. Oh, heaven!—Nevertheless—this affair seems so evident, and the claims of M. de Saint-Yves are so well established—

M. de Bal. (*With severity.*) You ought not to give your opinion, Dorval.

Dor. (*Aside.*) Alas, I am on the point of betraying myself!

S C E N E V.

M. DE BALMONT, DORVAL, LA
PIERRE.

La Pi. (To *M. de Balmont*.) SIR, the Marquis de Rozelles desires to know whether he may be admitted?

M. de Bal. Yes, certainly. [*La Pierre goes out.*]

Dor. (*Aside.*) The Marquis de Rozelles!—Ah, let me go, and avoid this odious meeting!

[*He goes a few paces.*]

M. de Bal. Hear me, Dorval: Melcour's relation requires an immediate answer; keep his letter; pray re-peruse it attentively, and two days hence acquaint me with your final resolution.

Dor. Yet, sir. (*Aside.*) I perceive that M. de Saint-Yves is undone.—Oh, I am distracted!

[*He goes out in an agitated manner.*]

S C E N E VI.

M. DE BALMONT, *alone.*

HE will certainly persevere in his design!—Duty obliged me to expostulate; but how much do I rejoice at the principles upon which he founds his determination! What feeling and nobleness of mind he discovers! how dear he is to me!—Somebody comes—it is the Marquis de Rozelles.—Now I must arm myself against the most artful and seducing solicitation.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

M. DE BALMONT, THE MARQUIS.

The Mar. (Holding a paper.) EXCUSE this last importunity, sir—(*M. de Balmont offers him a chair, and they both seat themselves.*)

M. de Bal. It is my duty to hear you.

Mar. I know how very superiour, sir, you are to solicitations, and how much you despise them; but it is not always in our power to set bounds to the zeal of friendship—and a gentleman, with whose regard I am honoured, just now compelled me to receive this letter (which he brought from Versailles) at the same time exacting an absolute promise that I would deliver it into your hands.—Here it is, directed for you. [*Presenting the letter.*]

M. de Bal. (Taking it.) You know, sir, that a letter of recommendation, whatsoever the purport may be, cannot have any influence in an affair of this kind. [*He opens the letter, and reads it to himself.*]

Mar. (While M. de Balmont is reading.) I am entirely of your opinion; but when one has many friends and relations, who all belong to the court, it is impossible to decline every proof of regard which they wish to give—nevertheless, what numbers have I refused!—I so truly despise these mean expedients!—besides, I own, I have perfect confidence in the goodness of my cause, and may say, without flattering myself, that the general opinion, and universal wish, is for me—my memorials have produced such an effect!—especially at Versailles.

M. de

M. de Bal. (After having read the letter.) I am much honoured, sir, by receiving a letter under so respectable a signature.

Mar. I know it is filled with testimonies in my favour, which are the more gratifying, because wholly unsolicited and undesired.

M. de Bal. Have you any thing particular to say respecting your business, sir?

Mar. Here is another letter, but of a different kind, and I intreat you to do me the favour of reading it; 'tis not inserted in my memorials, because it could not be obtained for me till to-day. You are acquainted with M. de Saint-Yves's hand; this letter is from him, and addressed to his sister-in-law, madame d'Argencour—

M. de Bal. But has not madame d'Argencour quarrelled with M. de Saint-Yves?

Mar. Unquestionably, and for shocking behaviour.—In this letter you will see proofs of implicit confidence on the part of M. de Saint-Yves, and abundance of pointed sarcasms against men in office—

M. de Bal. And what's that to me, sir?

Mar. Oh, I would prove from thence, that M. de Saint-Yves is impetuous, violent, malignant, imprudent, and rash; since he could intrust such sentiments and opinions to a woman.

M. de Bal. This woman is his sister-in-law, and he thought her his friend.

Mar. But he has quarrelled with her in a very unguarded manner.

M. de Bal. Perhaps he had just cause for quarrelling.

Mar. Nevertheless, she knew his secrets.

M. de Bal. He believed her incapable of betray-
ing

ing them; and probably thought her honour superior to her malice.

Mar. Well, read fir—this letter shows the man.

M. de Bal. No, fir; I see, at the bottom of the letter, one single phrase which must prevent my reading it.

Mar. How!—

M. de Bal. (*Pointing to the place.*) Here, look at these words; “Burn this letter:” and, notwithstanding an intreaty ever sacred to persons of honour, this letter, at the end of two years, is still in being, and delivered by madame d’Argencour into the hands of enemies!—Such conduct shocks me; I will have no share in the villainy; I will not read the letter.

Mar. Ah, if you knew the extent of those injuries which M. de Saint-Yves has done his sister-in-law!—

M. de Bal. Whatsoever they may be, they cannot authorize this mean abuse of former confidence. Besides, fir, the misunderstanding between madame d’Argencour and her brother-in-law, has no connexion with your cause; therefore, these particulars to me are useless.

Mar. Still, they might serve to inform you as to the character of M. de Saint-Yves.

M. de Bal. I am not concerned with the character, nor the conduct of M. de Saint-Yves, but with the business intrusted to my care; every thing foreign to that, is immaterial to me; he may have acted wrong by another, and right by you: the question before me is not, whether he is an honest man in the general, but whether in this particular instance he has justice on his side.

And that is the only point, either in his life or yours, which I ought to examine.

Mar. Nevertheless, it appears to me—

SCENE VIII.

M. DE BALMONT, THE MARQUIS, LA PIERRE.

La. Pi. (To *M. de Balmont*.) SIR, M. Morel is in the hall.

M. de Bal. Let him come in. (*La Pierre goes out.*)

M. de Bal. (*Rising.*) This is M. de Saint-Yves's advocate; and since you have nothing more to add, and it is late, allow me, sir, to receive him.

Mar. I will leave you; but suffer me to recommend a re-perusal of that little paper which I had the honour of delivering to you this morning.

M. de Bal. Be assured, sir, that I neglect nothing which can give me information.

[*He attends the Marquis a little way.*]

Mar. Then I am easy. (*Aside in going.*) Oh, how much I repent of not having requested another reporting judge!

[*He goes out.*]

M. de Bal. (*Alone.*) I believe he departs much displeased with me, and finds my principles rather too stubborn.—Oh, here is M. Morel.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

M. DE BALMONT, M. MOREL.

M. Mor. MONSIEUR de Saint-Yves could not come out this evening; his daughter is indisposed:—now the moment of decision approaches, that young lady undergoes inexpressible uneasiness, and has just been attacked by a nervous complaint which is quite alarming; insomuch that M. de Saint-Yves will not leave her. He has commissioned me, sir, with the delivery of this paper, which is not, as he says, of great importance; but, nevertheless, he desires you will let your secretary examine it to-night, that, when you rise to-morrow, you may have an extract ready to look over before you go into court.

M. de Bal. Do you know the contents of this paper?

M. Mor. Yes, Sir; it consists of further arguments relative to the cause; and likewise treats of several other points, which we could not procure for you sooner; but, as these particulars are not essential, an examination by M. Durand will be quite sufficient.

M. de Bal. And is much time requisite for this examination?

M. Mor. At least two hours, because it will be necessary to consult a great many of the original papers which you have, in order to ascertain the accuracy of what is advanced in this.

M. de Bal. I must be in court to-morrow by six o'clock, therefore, as the paper is not

important; I will leave the examination of it to Durand, and order him to sit up all night for that purpose.

M. Mr. Allow me, sir, to ask your opinion of my last memorial, as to the style and manner only in which it is drawn up. It was you, sir, who determined me to choose the profession of the law; and I hope you will condescend, by your advice, to point out the means of distinguishing myself in it.

M. de Bal. You expect sincerity from me, and you shall not be disappointed. You announce great genius, you have an infinite deal of wit, and your first memorials were written with a prudence so much the more commendable from being, at present, very rare: yet, I must confess, that inwardly I blamed many parts of the last; you allowed yourself to introduce strokes of raillery, which are highly disgustful in a business where the honour of the man you defend is capitally attacked: besides, in any case, this kind of language is unbecoming of an orator, whose style should be nervous and exalted. Believe me, the esteem of your readers is preferable to the vain pleasure of diverting them; aspire after the glory of interesting and informing, and of being admired for your understanding, eloquence, and principles. This is the only ambition worthy of an advocate, or, indeed, of any other writer who seeks pre-eminence, and prizes a brilliant and lasting reputation, above idle transitory applause. I would advise you still further, to improve your taste by reading, and by a deep attention to the study of your native tongue; but, above all things, be careful never to confound emphasis with heat and violence, nor think that eloquence consists

in

in verbosity and declamation only. It seems needless to guard you against fallying your memorials with personal insults and abusive epithets, as you have too much elevation of mind to yield to such extravagancies; besides, good sense and correct taste must alone be sufficient to preserve you from them; for this disgraceful vulgarity, these low expressions, only excite indignation and contempt, and bring reproach on no one but their author.

Mr. Mor. Yes, sir, I will follow such wise, such noble counsel; you equally convince my heart and understanding.

Mr. De Bok. In a word, seriously consider the dignity of your profession; none is more honourable, when its duties are fulfilled; there is no line of life in which talents and virtues find more occasions to display themselves, and to shine with lustre. What situation is preferable to that of an advocate who unites probity with genius and discernment; who never undertakes a cause he thinks unjust, who always zealously defends the oppressed, unmasks fraud, confounds impotence, and attains to fortune and glory by rendering innocence triumphant?—Such a man unquestionably is a benefactor to his fellow-creatures, and must be the admiration of the age in which he flourishes: he tastes, he exhausts every species of honour; as an honest man he is beloved and respected; by his brilliant eloquence he charms, persuades, and overcomes; and his writings, which are handed down to posterity, immortalize his name, his labours, and his virtues.

Mr. Mor. Oh, sir, with what enthusiasm you fire my soul!—Allow me sometimes to repeat

peat my visits, and imbibe, from discourse so salutary, a knowledge and a love of my duties ; condescend to enlighten and protect my youth : to confirm the principles of a virtuous mind, undoubtedly is a work becoming of your character.

M. de Bal. Though not thirty, you were incapable of being dazzled by your first success, and are fond of admonition : this is the way to improve. Presumption corrupts the heart, stops the progress of genius, and dooms the foolish youth whom it intoxicates, to a constant state of humble mediocrity. But I must put an end to this conversation ; I rise to-morrow at five o'clock, therefore am now going to retire. Come and deliver M. de Saint-Yves's paper to my secretary, yourself, and tell him what he is to do.

[*They go out.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

~~THEY TO EXAMINE IT, BUT IN THE NIGHT~~

A C T II.

S C E N E the First.

DURAND, *holding a paper*, LA PIERRE.

La. Pi. MY master is just gone to bed ; and he gave me exprefs orders to de-
fire that you will examine this paper.

Dur. Mercy ! why he and M. Morel have both been talking to me about it already, for more than a quarter of an hour !

La Pi. You know my master is fo scrupu-
lous !—

Dur. Aye, for that matter, scrupulous to ex-
cess.

La Pi. He likewise desired I would repeat to you, that this paper is of the greateft import-
ance.

Dur. Yes, yes ; that's his constant phrafe ; but
fince he does not fend the night in examining it
himself, I can venture to fay this *great importance*
is

is not real. However, I shall sit up, for he has ordered me to do it, and that is sufficient.

La Pi. Well, your servant.—Stay though, I must tell you a comical story.—M. de Rozelles's footman wanted to set me a chattering this evening; I, who am used to these things, soon saw his drift—he wished to find out, by way of talk, as it should seem, whether you had *no tender banking*, in other words, no love affair—

Dur. When a reporting judge and his secretary are both without a mistress, the accident cannot fail to disconcert intrigue.

La Pi. 'Tis dev'lish hard luck, that must be confessed.

Dur. This same M. de Rozelles discovered (I am at a loss to guess how) that I have a sister who is a linen-draper; and he has bought above two hundred and fifty pounds worth of lace of her.

La Pi. (*Laughing.*) Without haggling, I'll answer for it.

Dur. That's to be understood. But afterwards, when he wanted to talk about his cause, my sister, who is a woman of integrity, plainly told him she never meddled with such matters, and positively declined a further explanation.

La Pi. M. de Saint-Yves, now, would not do these dirty actions; I believe he is downright honest.—Hark, I hear M. Dorval; aha! by what chance is he up at this hour?

SCENE

SCENE II.

DORVAL, DURAND, LA PIERRE.

Dor. (*Much agitated.*) MONSIEUR Durand—How! are you chattering with la Pierre?—I thought you were at work.

Dur. Why, I have time enough, sir; it is not twelve o'clock yet, and I shall sit up all night.

Dor. (*In a low faltering voice.*) Have not you seen M. Morel this evening?—He gave you a paper.—It is my father's intention to have that paper examined with the utmost care—

Dur. (*Looking at Dorval with surprise.*) Really, sir, you astonish me very much.

Dor. La Pierre, what business have you here?—Go to bed.—If my father knew that you were amusing yourselves thus by talking, he would be very angry, I am sure.—Don't let us disturb M. Durand.—Adieu, my dear M. Durand! (*He advances and wrings his hand.*) Adieu!—(*Aside.*) I know not where I am, nor what I say; reason abandons me!

[*He goes out hastily.*]

SCENE III.

DURAND, LA PIERRE.

La Pi. WHAT the deuce is he at?

Dur. I am petrified—he had tears in his eyes, he trembled, was agitated, and not himself.

1755

La

La Pi. He's an amiable young man, and for good-nature and generosity has not his fellow; but I have seen, for some time passed, that he is rather crack-brained.

Dur. Indeed!

La Pi. He has a sort of whirl in his head; all on a sudden he looks as red as scarlet, then changes in a trice, and is as pale as death. Sometimes he puts himself into a bustle by thinking, and strides about in a frightful manner; afterwards he'll sink into a chair, and remain for a whole hour dull as a log.—But what's still more extraordinary and marvellous, he talks to himself day and night: then, to see his grimaces, and how he slaps his head, and flings his arms about, as if he was repeating poetry!—He is more mettlesome than he should be, and they have made him study too much: he requires rest, and some hearty bleedings, which would set all to rights again.—Good night, M. Durand. Do you want any thing?

Dur. No, I thank you.

La Pi. I must go to bed, however. These are monstrous late hours for me; but it is not I who am to dress my master to-morrow.—You have got pens and ink?

Dur. Yes, yes.

La Pi. Well, your servant.

[*He goes out.*]

SCENE IV.

DURAND *alone.*

COME, I must get to work.—Alas, I'm not much inclined that way; I rose so early this morning!—and then, to sit up all night—true enough, I may sleep as late as I please to-morrow—but to-night I am heavy and tired—I am not indefatigable like M. de Balmont, far from it; he is strengthened, animated by the love of glory, but, were I to kill myself with labour, the name of DURAND would not be more famous.—Yet ought not something to be done for conscience-sake?—Fame is a fine thing, but self-approbation is still better.—M. de Balmont unites these advantages; no wonder then, that he is so diligent, so active! (*He goes to the desk, arranges the papers, and sits down.*) Where is the paper from which I am to make an extract?—Oh, here it is. (*Looking it over.*) What verbosity!—and all this likewise is foreign to the business. (*He yawns and takes snuff.*) Spite of myself, sleep gains upon me!—Come, come, courage: (*He reads to himself. In a moment his eyelids close and his head drops on his bosom; the motion wakes him.*) How terrible it is to be so sleepy!—I am quite worn out. (*He yawns, stretches, and takes snuff several times.*) There!—now I am a little better—I'll go on. (*He reads.*) How strange!—I see double; my eyes ach.—(*He rubs them.*) This is real misery. (*He reads himself to sleep: his head rests on his elbow, till his arm slips off the desk, and he wakes.*) Pshaw—I have flayed my hand—my neck is ricked—

ricked.—'Tis impossible to subdue this drowsiness, I must indulge it for half an hour to refresh my ideas—afterwards, I'll work. *(He gets up and fetches two cushions to put under his head, then draws a chair for his feet, and lies down.)* Ah, now one thinks I am in paradise!—My extract will be finished in an hour and a half, therefore—I have time enough—to spare. *(He falls fast asleep.)*

S C E N E V.

M. DE BALMONT, in his night-cap, and night-gown, DURAND asleep.

M. de Bal. (At the further end of the stage.) I CANNOT resist my inquietude!—*(Durand snores very loud.)* What do I hear?—*(On advancing he discovers his secretary asleep.)* He sleeps peaceably—he neglects his duty, and still can taste repose!—While I am agitated by a thousand grievous cares, which disturb, torment, and drive me from my pillow, Durand sleeps, and enjoys that balmy rest which forsakes his master!—But is he a magistrate? is he a judge? Oh, it is I who ought to keep awake!—he, indeed, may sleep, since it is I, who am answerable for all his negligences, all his errors. *(He shakes Durand, in order to wake him.)* Durand!—Durand!

Dur. (Starting out of his sleep.) How now?—Hah!—my master!— *[He rises.]*

M. de Bal. And is it thus you work?

Dur. (With confusion.) Sir—it was—sleep surprised me—

M. de

M. de Bal. Nevertheless, I should think you expected it; for you have prepared a very commodious resting place. However, go into my dressing-room, and make amends for the lost time: carry these papers; go, I will follow you.

Dur. I hope, sir, you will be kind enough to forgive—

M. de Bal. By a second fault of this nature, you would totally forfeit my confidence, M. Durand.

Dur. I protest, sir—

M. de Bal. Enough; go.

[*Durand takes the papers and goes out.*]

SCENE VI.

M. DE BALMONT, alone.

—His laziness should be treated with indulgence, for I am sure of his probity, at least, and that is the essential point. (*Looking at his watch.*) 'Tis two o'clock—four hours hence I shall be in court, and in seven, perhaps, sentence will be pronounced—a sentence, which is to decide upon the fortune, the very existence of two men, and must dishonour one or the other!—Their destiny, as yet uncertain, greatly depends on the opinion I shall give. (*He takes a paper out of his pocket.*) Here are the conclusions!—This paper, drawn up by me, will, when read, fix in a few short moments the irrevocable fate of two citizens, of two fathers!—I tremble; my blood freezes when I view the paper and think of its importance! (*He lays it on the desk, and sits down. After a short silence.*) Let me examine

examine my heart, let me search into its deepest recesses, and enquire whether I am clear of every self-reproach.—Has not prejudice deceived me?—Have I meditated and reflected properly on this business?—Am I not too rigorous against him whom I think guilty?—Let me see, I will re-peruse the paper. (*He reads it to himself.*) How sharp are these expressions!—(*Rising.*) Oh, heaven! the day now going to dawn, will prove to the unhappy man whom I condemn, a day of mourning, shame, and desperation. Ah, methinks I hear the sighs, methinks I see the tears of his ruined family, of his distracted children!—He has a son—the age of Dorval!—Unfortunate youth!—My soul is on the rack.—This fatal picture, which has been all night before my eyes, fills me with inquietude and dread.—Oh, heaven! if this agonizing pity were a warning, a foreboding of my mistake, of my injustice!—My ideas are perplexed, my understanding is confounded.—The conflict grows too sharp, I am unable to support its violence. (*He sinks into his chair.*) Great God, direct me at this fearful period!—(*Kneeling.*) Thou, and thou only, canst enlighten me and chase these racking doubts! Man's frail understanding, left to itself, produces nothing, alas! but uncertainty and irresolution! deign then, oh Wisdom all-supreme, deign to compassionate a heart which seeks for truth, and trembles lest it should be plunged in error! (*He continues on his knees, leans against the desk, and lets his head fall upon his clasped hands: after remaining for some time with his face hid, and his attitude expressive of profound meditation, he rises and speaks.*) I am more tranquil.—It seems as if some divine and beneficent hand had poured a salutary balm into my soul.—

soul.—A sweet composure at length succeeds to so many agitations!—I will now finish the perusal of my paper. (*He sits down, takes up the paper which contains his conclusions, and reads to himself.*)

SCENE VII.

M. DE BALMONT, DORVAL.

Dor. (*With his hair in disorder, and his appearance wild, stopping at the further end of the stage.*)

LET me see whether Durand is still at work.

M. de Bal. (*Rising.*) Whose voice was that I heard?

Dor. (*Advancing.*) Oh, heaven! my father!—
Let me fly—

M. de Bal. Whom do I see?—Dorval!—
stop—

Dor. (*Aside.*) Alas! what shall I say to him?

M. de Bal. (*Viewing his son with a mixture of surprise and terreur.*) How! is it you, Dorval?—
What motive brings you hither?—and from whence proceeds that distraction which glares in your eyes?

Dor. Oh, my father—I cannot support the sternness of your looks, and the terrifying sound of that awful threatening voice.—Oh, for pity's sake—

M. de Bal. Answer me, I say. What motive can bring you hither at three in the morning?—
What were you looking for? and from whence do you come?

Dor. I came from my own chamber.

M. de

M. de Bal. And why are you not in bed?

Dor. Alas!—if my father refuses to compassionate and indulge me—all is over, I am lost—

M. de Bal. Unhappy wretch! what have you been doing?—Answer.

Dor. (*Throwing himself at M. de Balmont's feet.*) Well then, know the heart of your unfortunate son—learn that a fatal error—

M. de Bal. (*Retreating from him*) Hold.—If this avowal would dishonour you, let the dreadful secret be eternally buried in oblivion—spare me the shame of hearing it, and the distress of punishing you. Away, and, if no longer worthy to be called my son, begone; flee from the presence, not of a father, but of a terrible and implacable judge.

Dor. You make me shudder—and yet, thank heaven, my heart still remains pure and innocent—I have only lost my reason.

M. de Bal. (*Embracing him.*) Oh, my son, my dear son! from what a grievous weight you relieve my burdened soul!—But can you have woes of which I am ignorant?—If you are virtuous, ought you to fear me?—What can be the cause of that deep affliction which preys upon you, chasing sleep from your eyelids, and prompting you to wander thus in the night?—Explain yourself; speak—

Dor. An insurmountable attachment disturbs my reason and robs me of repose—

M. de Bal. Are you in love?

Dor. To distraction.

M. de Bal. What, could you debase yourself by a choice unworthy of you?

Dor. Ah, who can love an unworthy object? Esteem and admiration only could inspire me with love.

M. de

M. de Bal. Why then conceal the name of her whom you have chosen?—Is she pre-engaged, or your inferior in rank?

Dor. No, her birth is distinguished; she is free, and with the captivating charms of beauty unites accomplishments, genius, and worth—yet I dare not name her.

M. de Bal. Into what astonishment you throw me!—Proceed and develop this incomprehensible mystery.

Dor. Alas! what do you ask?

M. de Bal. I command you to hesitate no longer.

Dor. Well then, I love; I love a charming and a virtuous object, who may, within a few short hours, be doomed by you to everlasting sorrow—

M. de Bal. How?

Dor. In short—mademoiselle de Saint-Yves.

M. de Bal. Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves!

Dor. What severity I already perceive in your countenance!—Ah, deign to hear before you condemn me!—I love, 'tis true; I love with fervour: this unhappy passion, which sprang up against my will, must rule my destiny. But although my luckless heart bestowed itself without your consent, still, it retained sufficient principle and resolution not to form engagements—

M. de Bal. Is mademoiselle de Saint-Yves ignorant of your passion?

Dor. Yes, sir; and till this moment Melcour has been the only confidant—

M. de Bal. Where did you become acquainted with mademoiselle de Saint-Yves?

Dor. In Lorrain.

M. de Bal. Consequently, when you delivered yourself up to this violent passion, the suit against

M. de Saint-Yves was begun—a suit, the loss of which would rob him of honour!—However great the merit of mademoiselle de Saint-Yves may be, could you think me capable of receiving into my family the daughter of a man dishonoured?—Should not your doubts, respecting the issue of that important business, have induced you to retreat, and to triumph over a growing inclination?

Dor. The effort would have been vain.

M. de Bal. You cannot overcome your passions, and would you be a magistrate?

Dor. No, I could not divest myself of so tender a passion; but I should, if necessary, know how to sacrifice it to honour: besides, I was certain of M. de Saint-Yves's innocence; his reputation, which had ever been unblemished, the respect he enjoyed throughout his province, added to the meanness and acknowledged wickedness of his adversary, all encouraged me—

M. de Bal. Silence. Do you remember you are speaking to his judge?

Dor. (Aside.) I shudder!

M. de Bal. Foolish boy! you are sure of his innocence! and on what testimonies do you found this assertion?—Have you examined his cause?—Have you seen and confronted the proofs, papers, and mutual accusations and defences?—No, you have consulted nothing but a passion which misleads you: blind, rash, intoxicated with love, and listening only to that opinion which flatters your wishes, if you are not guilty of injustice and slander, it is the mere effect of chance. Still, though degraded and rendered contemptible by such excessive weakness, you presume to think of embracing a profession the first duty of which is in-
acces-

accessibility, its prejudice!—And is it my son who abandons himself to mistakes so culpable?—Is it my son who yields to the dominion of an idle fancy, forgets his duties, and even trespasses against decorum? Is it my son who, in the night, comes by stealth after my secretary, doubtless to examine and interrogate, and, it may be, to corrupt him?—Oh, heaven! is this the effect, is this the recompence of all my lessons, and of all my tenderness? Alas, how prone is the paternal bosom to indulge fallacious hopes!—Even this very day, when you told me your resolution, I thought it steady and unchangeable; I admired the elevation of your sentiments, your courage, and your judgement; I gloried in your virtues, and you have deceived me!—Oh, Dorval!—

Der. Alas, you weep! my father weeps!—*(Throwing himself into M. de Belmont's arms.)* Dearest and most respectable of parents and of friends, these melting, these precious tears, which flow for the faults of your unhappy son, shall not flow in vain! No, I cannot, without profit, see this venerable countenance bedewed with tears for my weakness,—I am deceived, misled; but you rouse my dormant reason.—Oh, never doubt your absolute dominion over my heart! The fatal passion which distracts it, I hold more dear than life—but even love itself is not so valuable to me as your esteem!—I anticipate all my misfortunes; I have read, in your eyes, M. de Saint-Yves's sentence—and my own—his unhappy daughter cannot survive her father's disgrace; she has the same affection for him, which I feel for you—she will die!—I cannot promise to live—but I swear to bury my grief and desperation in the bottom of my heart. These complaints are

the last which shall pass my lips ; yes, sir, I solemnly declare it—

M. de Bal. You promise resolution, acknowledge your faults, and at the same moment aggravate them ! To what dangers are you not exposing me, by suffering me to discern the excess of that passion which subdues you ? Think, unhappy youth, if I were to be misled by paternal tenderness, or the emotions of pity—if the terror with which your situation fills me were to be the means of blasting, in an instant, the fame acquired by twenty years of prudence and integrity !—

Dor. Ah, sir, I am acquainted with your exalted virtue—

M. de Bal. What, do you think I have no feeling ?—I trust, I shall do my duty ; but if you render it painful to me, and deprive me of all the satisfaction which I have hitherto found in discharging it, will you have no cause to reproach yourself ?

Dor. Alas, excuse the transports of a first emotion !—think only of your own renown ; that can make me amends for every thing.—Forget my errors ; I will, if it be possible, live to expiate them.—Yes, sir, I submit to my destiny.—Guide me, abandon me not, and every exertion will become easy which tends to comfort you, and ensure my pardon.

M. de Bal. These are sentiments which do you honour.—At last I recognize, I recover my son.—The promise you have just made already restores my tranquillity ; and remember, Dorval, you cannot break it without destroying all the happiness of my life.

Dor. Ah, sir—

M. de

M. de Bal. Hush, there is somebody coming.—
Let us be silent, and conceal our agitation from every eye.

S C E N E VIII.

M. DE BALMONT, DORVAL,
DURAND.

Dur. (*To M. de Belmont.*) SIR, I have finished my extract. It is five o'clock—

M. de Bal. Very well, I am going to dress, and during that time you shall read it to me.—Are you not astonished, M. Durand, at finding my son here?

Dur. Why really sir—

M. de Bal. He wanted some pens: this is not the first time he has passed the night in writing and studying.

Dur. Indeed, M. Dorval is so altered—he will kill himself.

M. de Bal. He has promised to be more reasonable in future, and I depend upon him. Son, adieu. Come, M. Durand.

(*M. de Belmont and Durand go out.*)

S C E N E IX.

DORVAL, *alone; after a short silence.*

HE is gone!—What will become of me? It seems as if he took away with him all my firm-

ness, all my virtue!—Whither is he going?—to condemn M. de Saint-Yves—and, during this miserable suspense, I am left alone, given up to myself!—Melcour, where is he? What is he doing? Alas, I am forsaken by every one!—Let me instantly write and desire him to come.—Oh, never had I more occasion for a friend!

[He gets out.]

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E the First.

DORVAL, *alone, holding his watch.*

TIS eight o'clock—and Melcour does not come!—Every thing conspires to overwhelm me! the rigour of a cruel fate, the severity of a father, the coldness of a friend.—Ah, it is too much! my resolution is exhausted.—(*He throws himself into a chair, and looks at his watch.*)—At this moment, perhaps, judgement is pronounced!—Amiable, dear Adelaide! what a situation must yours now be!—Oh, I participate your grief, your torments! yet you are ignorant of this, and ever will remain so.—(*Rising in an impetuous manner.*) No, before I renounce you, before I renounce my life, I will acquaint you with the state of this unfortunate heart which adores you.—What, is it possible that my secret could escape her penetration?—Alas, in happier moments, I sometimes ventured to in-

dulge the sweet idea that Adelaide had read my soul without displeasure!—Oh, were this true, and could I flatter myself with being beloved, nothing should separate me from her; for, if beloved, I am engaged, bound eternally.—Her misfortunes would render her still more dear to me—for her, I could brave the publick opinion.—But my father!—heart-rending thought! my inflexible father would banish me from his presence!—How can I support his indignation, disdain, and threatened curse?—his curse!—I tremble! this idea alone freezes me with dread and horror.—Can love induce me to renounce my father!—and such a father!—Oh, never, never shall it gain so fatal, so criminal an empire over my soul! Sooner may the day which dooms me to such cruel conflicts, prove the last of my existence!

[He sinks again into his chair quite oppressed.]

SCENE II.

DORVAL, MELCOUR.

Mel. (Entering hastily.) DORVAL!—

Dor. (Rising) What?—Oh, you are come at last!—Ah, Melcour! in such a state as mine, can you desert me?—I have expected you these three hours—

Mel. But, in your note, you desired me to get some information about mademoiselle de Saint-Yves—

Dor. Well, what have you learned?—Doubtless, she is ill and in despair; keep nothing from me.

Mel.

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Mel. I have just left her uncle, who told me she was exceedingly dejected and disturbed.

Dor. Oh, heaven!

Mel. She has not been in bed all night.

Dor. Alas, the same apprehensions have deprived us both of rest!

Mel. But to speak of your father; you wrote that he was informed—

Dor. Of every thing; I acknowledged all. Melcour, you now see before you the weakest, the most variable and unfortunate of human beings.—I would, without hesitation, sacrifice to my father all the happiness of my life—but to know that the object of my love is bathed in tears, given up to despair!—I cannot support that idea!—

Mel. Wait the event at least; let us hope—

Dor. I hope!—Alas, hope is a jewel which I have lost for ever!—I foresee the doom of M. de Saint-Yves—he will be condemned—perhaps he is already—Oh, distraction!

Mel. But how can you know—

Dor. My father led me to know it but too well.

Mel. I scarcely can persuade myself—

Dor. I tell you, I am certain of it.—This very day, mademoiselle de Saint-Yves will hear that a fatal sentence has ruined and dishonoured her father—she will charge mine, with the ignominy thrown upon her family! My name, my name alone will make her shudder; and in her hatred (alas, too justly founded!) she will blend the son with the father.—She will detest me!—And could I live?—Could I submit to this horrid fate?—Melcour, counsels now are useless; I am no longer in a situation to profit by them, or even to hear them; they would aggravate my woes, and could

not recall my reason.—Reason!—I have lost it, I abjure it, and in future will attend to nothing but the dictates of my heart.

Mel. Do not be apprehensive of ill-timed advice, dear Dorval.—Alas, I can only remain silent, and weep with you!

Dor. Yes, yes, abandon to himself a wretch beneath your friendship—indeed, I no longer deserve that you should endeavour to console me.

Mel. Oh, Dorval! is it thus you interpret my fear of wounding and offending you?

Dor. Melcour, dear Melcour, pardon my injustice!—Could I paint the conflicts, the agonies of my tortured soul, I am well assured they would excite your tenderest pity!—You can conceive the excess of my grief better than any other person; you saw the birth of this fatal passion, you marked its progress!—Recollect that happy period when, without constraint, without inquietude, I daily beheld mademoiselle de Saint-Yves! During six whole months, I was intoxicated with the pleasure of hearing and admiring her.—Recollect those moments, so delightful, when I either saw her, talked of her, or heard her extolled for beauty, modesty, goodness, and the enchanting meekness by which she is distinguished!—Could I have placed my affection on any object more worthy of fixing a susceptible and virtuous heart? Would reason herself have chosen better?—Have not you agreed with me a thousand times in that opinion? and did not you, dear Melcour, often say that nothing but my affection for Adelaide restrained you from loving her?—Ah, it is impossible to know, and not adore her!—You are sensible that the origin of my attachment was her respect and tenderness

derness for her father. How affecting was the manner in which she spoke of him!—I read in her soul all the sentiments of my own! Alas, this conformity which charmed me then, overwhelms me now! Consider the present situation of a daughter so affectionate.—And an hour hence, when every hope will be torn away, what will become of her?—But do you think it likely that her father may lose his cause?—Spite of myself, I still cherish flattering expectations.—Are not you, Melcour, in your heart convinced that M. de Saint-Yves is innocent?—Then, can you suppose the judges—

Mel. I still preserve my former hopes—and the rather, because I know to a certainty, that M. de Rozelles, notwithstanding his apparent confidence, was very gloomy and dissatisfied when he parted from your father last night—

Dor. Is that really true? You hope—you believe.—How did you obtain this intelligence?

Mel. From a relation of M. de Rozelles's, whom I just now met.

Dor. (*Embracing Melcour with ecstasy.*) Ah, my friend!—did you but know what consolation you administer to my dejected heart!—Indeed, I remember—my father spoke to M. de Saint-Yves's advocate in a very interesting manner—nor ought I to have considered what he told me as a proof of his being against M. de Saint-Yves, quite otherwise.—Only conceive my joy, my transports, on hearing that the cause is carried!—on seeing M. de Saint-Yves triumphant!—on thinking that Adelaide will ascribe this happiness (the happiness of her life) to the understanding and diligence of my father!—No, I should be too fortunate!—No, I must not yield to such

delightful hopes—when, alas, in one moment they may be lost for ever!

Mel. Undoubtedly, you have a servant in court to bring you immediate information of the event?

Dor. No; my father, at parting, made me promise not to send any body: he will announce my fate himself.—What's o'clock?

Mel. Half passed nine.

Dor. They have been assembled almost three hours!

Mel. We shall hear nothing till noon.

Dor. What a suspense!—Two pictures continually present themselves to my view, and alternately strike my imagination.—At one moment I see my father, surrounded by the judges, discussing, with coldness and severity, the dearest interests of my heart.—At another, I see Adelaide, pale and trembling, her face bathed in tears, invoking heaven, counting every moment, a prey to the dreadful torments of impatience, fear, and uncertainty.—Can you conceive it possible for any bosom to sustain such conflicts?—My heart seems pierced with an agonizing wound, which every palpitation opens and enlarges.—These tears, which I am unable to repress, weaken without relieving me.—I am surprized, alarmed, and startled, by the smallest noise.—Oh, Melcour, happy indeed are you who know how to preserve your mind free from the fatal influence of the passions!—By seeing in me their miserable slave, learn still more to dread their empire.—They at once bereave us of peace, tranquillity, resolution, and judgment, the most substantial blessings and virtues which can ennoble and distinguish man!—Ah, flee ever from their galling yoke! and may the

the striking example of my errors at least prove a cautionary lesson to my friend!

Mel. I expect from you, dear Dorval, a still more useful lesson. Hitherto, I have only known how to avoid those passions which you will teach me to vanquish: from you I shall learn how a noble resolute mind can tear itself away from their seduction, triumph over their violence, and regain, with glory, its pristine strength and virtue.

Dor. Hah!—Melcour!—Do you hear?

Mel. Hear what?

Dor. A carriage—in the court—I am not mistaken!

Mel. (*Taking him by the hand.*) How you tremble!—Sit down.

Dor. Doubtless, it is my father.—Oh, Melcour!

Mel. Calm yourself, for heaven's sake!

Dor. Gracious powers!—what am I about to hear?—

Mel. Somebody comes—

Dor. I cannot stand. [*He leans against a table.*

Mel. (*Going a few paces, and then returning.*) It is not your father.

Dor. How! are you sure of that?

Mel. Oh, no, it is not he; 'tis Saint-Clair!

Dor. Odious interruption!—What does he want?—Why did they admit him? yet, perhaps he knows some news; I tremble!—

Mel. Prudence, my dear friend, I beseech you—here he is.

Dor. Then find a pretence to get rid of him speedily.

Mel. Aye, aye; leave that to me.

S C E N E III.

DORVAL, MELCOUR, SAINT-CLAIR.

St. Cl. With permission, I am come to stay here till M. de Balmont returns, in order to gain the earliest intelligence as to the result of the cause.

Mel. M. de Balmont will not return home—he dines with his sister—and Dorval and I are going out.

St. Cl. Say you so? that makes a difference.—I could not go into court this morning; I sat up late, and am but this instant out of bed.—I have shocking health.—Bless me! why something must be the matter with Dorval too.—How he is altered!

Dor. I am not well, indeed.

St. Cl. He looks like a ghost—I never saw any thing equal to it.—Come, will you have some news to enliven you? As I was passing along the Tuileries, I met Gerneuil, who spends all his time with the first president; and he told me matters went quite against M. de Saint-Yves last night.—Gerneuil takes no interest in the business, but remains, like us, altogether neuter; then he is a lad of parts, and sees clearly into things; therefore, 'tis a certainty—M. de Saint-Yves is a lost man, that may be said now, for sentence is in all probability passed—Hah, Dorval is going to be ill!—Look, Melcour, how pale he turns!

Mel. 'Tis a dizziness which frequently attacks him; I will take him into his own room.

St.

St. Cl. This is a very distressing complaint.—
 Adieu, dear Dorval ! I shall send to enquire after
 you. [*He goes out.*]

S C E N E IV.

DORVAL, MELCOUR.

Dor. LEAVE me, Melcour, I would be alone.
 Leave me, I conjure you.

Mel. Ah, why ? Am I troublesome, importunate ?—

Dor. I hate myself ; I abhor life ; I renounce
 all consolation ! Leave me, I say—

Mel. Unhappy Dorval ! do you renounce friendship ? No, I cannot think so.

Dor. Well, if you wish it, stay ; be a witness
 to the torments I endure, torments which nothing
 now can mitigate !—It is no longer grief that I ex-
 perience, 'tis rage, 'tis frenzy, which preys upon
 and devours me.—Behold all my apprehensions
 justified !—My father will soon come, and coldly
 declare that M. de Saint-Yves is dishonoured ; I
 shall hear him pronounce those dreadful words.—
 No, I could not moderate the transports of de-
 spair so justly founded.—I should offend my father
 and excite his anger.—Since sensibility is in his
 eyes so great a crime, let me shun his pre-
 sence.—Doubt not but his indignation, if he saw
 my weakness, would prompt him to drive me
 away, to banish me.—It is better to turn volun-
 tary exile.—Melcour, adieu—

Mel. But whither will you go ?

Dor. I know not—I only wish to flee for ever
 from

from mankind, to avoid society, in short, to shun the world which I detest.—Melcour, my heart is deeply wounded.—I am resolved.—This house grows odious to me—I can live in it no longer—

Mel. But can the discourse of such a giddy fellow as Saint-Clair—

Dor. I know Gerneuil, the authority he quoted; and am certain—

Mel. Well then, I grant that he is right, that M. de Saint-Yves is ruined, dishonoured, and his daughter lost to you; I allow the stroke to be a heavy one; but, if you could only listen to a blind despair, and were capable of abandoning your paternal mansion, and forgetting that respect, that obedience, which you owe to the best of fathers, if love could so far degrade you, Dorval, your departure would not draw a single tear from my eyes; you would neither deserve pity, nor regret. Oh, can a frail, a transient passion, which took birth but eighteen months ago, have more power over your mind than the sacred feelings of nature, and the endearing ties of a ten years friendship?—Go, I know you better; grief deceives you.—Examine your heart more closely, and you will learn that a faithful friend, a friend (I will venture to say it) such as I am, is alone sufficient to make life desirable, and to alleviate all the pangs of disappointed love.—Rise then, dear Dorval, rise superiour to this shameful despondency; dare to place more confidence in your own worth; learn to suffer with fortitude; in one word, be a man.

Dor. Well, take me under your direction; conduct me; govern the fate of a wretch who yields himself wholly up to your guidance.—Let friendship find a cure for this horrid delirium.—What do you prescribe? Speak—how should I act?

Mel.

Mel. Submit with resignation to your destiny, whatsoever that may prove.—Conceal your passion and your grief; and never let those bitter tears be shed but in the bosom of your friend.

Dor. I swear to you—I am resolved—my weakness is subdued by your virtue.—Oh, faithful, generous friend! your affection and your counsels have, at last, restored me to myself.—You still will hear me sigh—but I solemnly promise to form no more extravagant and criminal designs.—My sufferings will excite your pity; but my errors never again shall put you to the blush—

Mel. I hear a noise!

Dor. Oh heaven!

Mel. This time, dear Dorval, it is your father.

Dor. Oh, do not leave me, Melcour.—Let us go and meet him—I cannot—I shall die—

Mel. (*Supporting him.*) Remember your promise—collect all your strength.

Dor. It is exhausted!—Oh, I hear him!

Mel. 'Tis he!—Dorval, if you love me, think of your vows.

SCENE V. and last.

M. DE BALMONT, DORVAL, MELCOUR.

M. de Bal. MELCOUR—I am rejoiced at finding you here—stay; it was my wish that you should be present at this interview, which will prove whether my son really deserves your esteem and friendship. You know all his secrets, consequently,

sequently, I may speak before you without restraint.

Dor. Well, sir!—M. de Saint-Yves then is condemned?

M. de Bal. In the first place I will tell you that my conclusions governed his sentence; therefore, it follows of course that I firmly believe the decree to be strictly equitable. And now, Dorval, it is my turn to interrogate you.—Say—if M. de Saint-Yves is condemned, will you dare to murmur?—Will you accuse me of prejudice? or, thinking the sentence just, can you be infamous enough to afflict yourself at the triumph of innocence? Speak.

Mel. (Aside.) I tremble!—

Dor. Question my strength of mind, sir, for you have cause—but ought you to question my respect for you?—Oh, do not aggravate the grief which consumes me!—I anticipate my misfortune—I understand this cruel language but too well!—I may sink under the weight of my sorrows—but calm your apprehensions, sir, for I shall at least know how to suffer without complaining.

Mel. (To M. de Balmont.) Sir, I will venture to answer for his steadiness.

Dor. In short, sir, condescend to tell me M. de Saint-Yves's fate.—Alas, then, all is over; I am for ever going to lose that feeble hope which alone has mitigated the keenness of my woes.—Oh, forgive me, sir!—

M. de Bal. But why all this despair? What have I said?

Dor. What?—How?—Can it be?—

M. de Bal. I hesitate to acquaint you with the truth; I am fearful of producing a fatal revolution in your bosom.—Will you never learn to check this impetuosity?

Dor.

Dor. Sir——your looks are softened.——Spite of myself, I dare to hope.——Speak, oh, speak!—

M. de Bal. M. de Saint-Yves is—

Dor. Well!—

Mel. (*Aside.*) What a moment!

M. de Bal. M. de Saint-Yves is entirely justified!

Dor. Kind heaven!

Mel. Ah, my friend!—

M. de Bal. In short, he has carried his cause completely, and upon every point.

Dor. (*Rushing into his father's arms.*) Oh, my father!—

Mel. Dear Dorval!—

Dor. M. de Saint-Yves has carried his cause—my father!—Ah, Melcour!—(*Embracing him.*) Mademoiselle de Saint-Yves!—she is happy now.—She has reached the summit of her wishes.—Oh, I am recompensed for all my sufferings!—What joy can equal mine?

M. de Bal. Moderate these transports, Dorval—I am going, it may be, to cast a damp upon your joy; I am going to demand a painful sacrifice—

Dor. There is no sacrifice I would not willingly make for you. Speak, sir—

M. de Bal. As things now are situated, the hand of mademoiselle de Saint-Yves would do you honour; but, nevertheless, you must renounce it.

Dor. Renounce it!—Oh, heaven!—and why?

M. de Bal. It must be so, if you hold my reputation and my glory dear. I was M. de Saint-Yves's reporting judge; it is thought (and indeed with truth) that I was very instrumental to his success; if you marry his daughter, will the publick know those circumstances which clear me from all suspicion of partiality? will they know that

that I was ignorant of your sentiments till the very moment before I went into court?—And could you, Dorval, provide calumny with arms against your father, whom, hitherto, she has neither wounded, nor even attacked?

Dor. Enough, sir; you only ask the sacrifice of my happiness, I balance not: the peace of her I love is established; mademoiselle de Saint-Yves is happy, and that is sufficient.—How despicable should I appear in my own eyes, if I wanted fortitude to sustain an evil by which I alone must be the sufferer!—I will convince you, sir, that this erring heart, which you have seen so much enfeebled, is not, however, wholly lost to virtue!—Yes, I will wring this fatal passion from my bosom—I renounce it for ever.—Henceforward I will only live for you, (*Offering his hand to Melcour.*) and for friendship—happy if I can, at this price, expiate my faults, and regain your esteem.

M. de Bal. (*Opening his arms.*) Come, my son, my dear son! come to the arms of the most fortunate of fathers!—Yes, I accept this generous sacrifice; it rives your bosom at the moment, but think what happiness it is preparing for you!—Believe me, Dorval, the transient flame of love will soon expire, if not fanned by hope; you will quickly find its embers die away, and leave no trace of their existence: then with what heartfelt satisfaction you will enjoy the grateful acknowledgements of your father, together with the esteem and admiration of your friend, of Melcour, to you so dear! How much will you applaud yourself for this noble triumph!—The justly founded pride which it must kindle in your bosom,

bosom, would alone suffice to compensate all your sufferings.

Mel. His mind is formed to taste every delicious emotion of this sublime enthusiasm for glory and virtue!—Oh, Dorval, how much has the friendship which I feel for you been augmented and confirmed to-day!

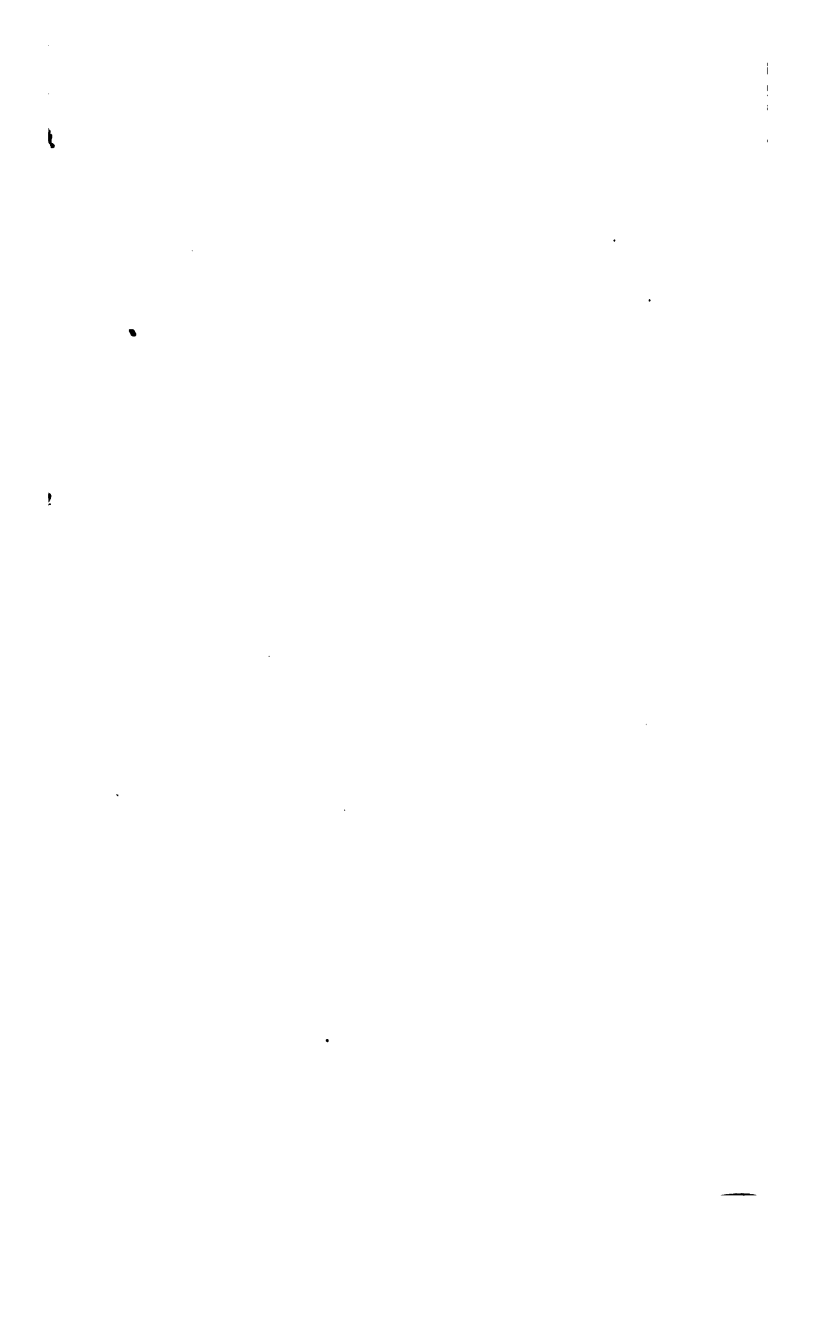
Dor. My father!—dear Melcour!—I can only answer by my tears—but they are not tears of bitterness—no, I already find that I am not unhappy.—What sorrows are too stubborn to be mitigated by so much kindness and affection?

M. de Bal. Oh, my son! thank heaven, I now am easy as to your future lot. At the age of weakness and error, you are able to subdue your passions, and to set a proper value upon friendship. What is there, which I ought not to expect from you?—Melcour, Dorval, my dear children, let the bands which unite you be permanent.—By mutual advice, confirm yourselves in good principles, reciprocally warn each other of every failing; and remember, that alone can be denominated true friendship which refines the heart, exalts the character, and adorns it with new virtues.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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